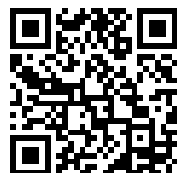

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LONDON:

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

IN re-editing the present romance-poem I have been saved all labour of transcription by using the very accurate text contained in Sir F. Madden's "Syr Gawayne."

I have not only read his copy with the manuscript, but also the proof-sheets as they came to hand, hoping by this means to give the reader a text free from any errors of transcription.

The present edition differs from that of the earlier one in having the contractions of the manuscript expanded and side-notes added to the text to enable the reader to follow with some degree of ease the author's pleasant narrative of Sir Gawayne's adventures.

The Glossary is taken from Sir F. Madden's "Syr Gawayne,"¹ to which, for the better interpretation of the text, I have made several additions, and have, moreover, glossed nearly all the words previously left unexplained.

For a description of the Manuscript, and particulars relating to the authorship and dialect of the present work, the reader is referred to the preface to *Early English Alliterative Poems*.

R. M.

LONDON,
December 22, 1864.

¹ Sir F. Madden has most generously placed at the disposal of the Early English Text Society any of his works which it may determine to re-edit.

At Dr. Furnivall's request I revised the text in 1897, as a preliminary to a revision of the whole apparatus. Last year some further revision was carried through. The revised Glossary, &c., is still at press.

I. G.

SYR GAWAYN AND THE GRENE KNYȝT.

[FYTTE THE FIRST.]

I.

- Sipen þe sege & þe assaut watȝ sesed at Troye,
þe borȝ brittened & brent to brondez & askez,
þe tulk þat þe trammes of tresoun þer wroȝt,
4 Watȝ tried for his tricherie, þe trewest on erthe ;
Hit watȝ Ennias þe athel, & his highȝ kynde,
þat sipen depreced prouinces, & patrounes bicomē
Welneȝe of al þe wele in þe west iles,
8 Fro riche Romulus to Rome ricchis hym swyȝe,
With gret bobbauunce þat burȝe he biges vpon fyrst,
& neuenes hit his aune nome, as hit now hat ;
Ticius to Tuskau, & teldes bigyznes ;
12 Langaberde in Lumbardie lyftes vp homes ;
& fer ouer þe French flod Felix Brutus
On mony bonkkes ful brode Bretayn he setteȝ,
wyth wynne ;
16 Where werre, & wrake, & wonder,
Bi syȝeȝ hatȝ wont þer-inne,
& oft boȝe blysse & blunder
Ful skete hatȝ skyfted synne.

[Fol. 91a.]
After the siege of
Troy

Romulus built
Rome,

and Felix Brutus
founded Britain,

a land of war and
wonder,

and oft of blis
and blunder.

II.

- 20 Ande quen þis Bretayn watȝ bigged bi þis burn rych,
Bolde bredden þer-inne, baret þat lofden,
In mony turned tyme tene þat wroȝten ;
Mo ferlyes on þis folde han fallen here oft

Bold men in-
creased in the
land,

and many mar-
vels happened.
Of all Britain's
kings Arthur was
the noblest.

[Fol. 91b.]

Listen a while
and ye shall hear
the story of an
"outrageous ad-
venture."

- 24 þen in any oþer þat I wot, syn þat ilk tyme.
Bot of alle þat here bult of Bretaygne kynges
Ay wat3 Arthur þe hendest, as I haf herde telle ;
For-þi an aunter in erde I attle to schawe,
28 þat a selly in-siȝt summe men hit holden,
& an outrage awenture of Arthure3 wondere3 ;
[1] In 3e wyl lysten þis laye bot on littel quile,
I schal telle hit, as-tit, as I in toun herde,
32 with tonge ;
As hit is stad & stoken,
In stori stif & stronge,
With lel letteres loken,
36 In londe so hat3 ben longe.]

III.

Arthur held at
Camelot his
Christmas feast,

with all the
knights of the
Round Table,

full fifteen days.

All was joy in
hall and chamber,

among brave
knights and
lovely ladies,

the happiest
under heaven.

- þis kyng lay at Camylot vpon kryst-masse,
With mony luflych lorde, lede3 of þe best,
Rekenly of þe rounde table alle þo rich breþer,
40 With rych reuel oryzt, & rechles merþes ;
þer tournayed tulkes bi-tyme3 ful mony,
Iusted ful Iolilé þise gentyle kniȝtes,
Syþen kayred to þe court, caroles to make.
44 For þer þe fest wat3 ilyche ful fiften dayes,
With alle þe mete & þe mirþe þat men couþe a-vyse ;
Such glaumande gle glorious to here,
Dere dyn vp-on day, daunsyng on nyȝtes,
48 Al wat3 hap vpon heȝe in halle3 & chambre3,
With lorde3 & ladies, as leuest him þoȝt ;
[1] With all þe wele of þe worlde þay woned þer samen,
þe most kyd knyȝte3 vnder kryste seluen,
52 & þe louelokke3t ladies þat euer lif haden,
& he þe comloke3t kyng þat þe court haldes ;
Før al wat3 þis fayre folk in her first age,
on sille ;
56 þe hapnest vnder heuen,
Kyng hyȝest mon of wylle,

Hit were¹ now gret nye to neuen
So hardy a here on hille. 7

IV.

- 60 Wyle nw 3er wat3 so 3ep þat hit wat3 nwe cummen, They celebrate the New Year with great joy.
þat day double on þe dece wat3 þe douth serued,
Fro þe kyng wat3 cummen with kny3tes in to þe halle,
þe chauntre of þe chapel cheued to an ende ;
- 64 Loude crye wat3 þer kest of clerkez & oþer, [Fol. 92.]
Nowel nayted o-newe, neuened ful ofte ;
& syþen riche forth runnen to reche honde-selle,
3ezed 3eres 3iftes on hiz, 3elde hem bi hond, Gifts are demanded and bestowed.
- 68 Debated busyly aboute þo giftes ;
Ladies la3ed ful loude, þo3 þay lost hadn,
& he þat wan wat3 not wrothe, þat may 3e wel trawe.
Alle þis mirþe þay maden to þe mete tyme ;
- 72 When þay had waschen, worþly þay wenten to sete, Lords and ladies take their seats at the table.
þe best burne ay abof, as hit best semed ;
Whene Guenore ful gay, grayped in þe myddes, Queen Guenever appears gaily dressed.
Dressed on þe dere des, dubbed al aboute,
- 76 Smal sendal bisides, a selure hir ouer "here over" ?
Of tryed Tolouse, of Tars tapites in-noghe,
þat were enbrawdred & beten wyth þe best gemmes,
þat my3t be preued of prys wyth penyes to bye,
- 80 in daye ; 7
þe comlokest to discrye,
þer glent with y3en gray,
A semloker þat euer he sy3e, A lady fairer of form might no one say he had ever before seen.
- 84 Soth mo3t no mon say.

V.

- Bot Arthure wolde not ete til al were serued, Arthur would not eat,
He wat3 so Ioly of his Ioyfnes, & sum-quat child-
gered,
His lif liked hym ly3t, he louied þe lasse
- 88 Auper to longe² lye, or to longe sitte, nor would he long sit
¹ MS. werere. ² MS. lenge.

until he had witnessed a "wondrous adventure" of some kind.

So bi-sied him his 3onge blod & his brayn wyld; & also anoper maner meued him eke,
 þat he þurȝ nobelay had nomen, he wolde neuer etc
 92 Vpon such a dere day, er hym deuised were
 Of sum auenturus þyng an vncoupe tale,
 Of sum mayn meruayle, þat he myȝt trawe,
 Of¹ alderes, of armes, of oper auenturus,
 96 Oper sum segg hym bi-soȝt of sum siker knyȝt,
 To Ioyne wyth hym in iustying, in Iopardé to lay,
 Lede lif for lyf, leue vchon oper,

As fortune wolde fulsun hom þe fayrer to haue.
 100 þis watȝ [þe] kynges countenaunce where he in
 court were,

At vch farand fest among his fre meny,
 in halle;

[Fol. 92b.]

He of face so bold makes much mirth with all.

104

þer-fore of face so fere,
 He stiztleȝ stif in stalle,
 Ful ȝep in þat nw ȝere,
 Much mirthe he mas with alle.

VI.

The king talks with his knights.

Gawayne,

Agravayn,

Bishop Bawdewyn,
 and Ywain sit on the dais.

The first course is served with cracking of trumpets.

Thus þer stondes in stale þe stif kyng his-seluen,
 108 Talkkande bifore þe hyȝe table of trifles ful hende;
 There gode Gawan watȝ grayped, Gwenore bisyde,
 & Agrauayn a la dure mayn on þat oper syde sittes,
 Boþe þe kynges sister sunes, & ful siker kniȝtes;
 112 Bischoþ Bawdewyn abof bi-gineȝ þe table,
 & Ywan, Vryn son, ette wit hym-seluen;
 þise were diȝt on þe des, & derworþly serued,
 & siþen mony siker segge at þe sidbordeȝ.
 116 þen þe first cors come with crakkyng of trumpes,
 Wyth mony baner ful bryȝt, þat þer-bi hinged,
 Nwe nakryn noyse with þe noble pipes,
 Wyld werbles & wyȝt wakned lote,
 120 þat mony hert ful hiȝe hef at her towches.

¹ Of of, in MS.

1. unmix'd /
2. short

His spurs were of
bright gold.

bands

His saddle was
embroidered
with birds and
flies.

The foal that he
rode upon was
green ;

it was a steed full
stiff to guide.

[Fol. 93b.]

- A mere mantle abof, mensked *with-inne*,
 With pelure pured apert, þe paie ful clene,
 With blype blaunner ful bryzt, & his hod boþe,
 156 þat watȝ laȝt fro his lokkeȝ, & layde on his schulderes ;
 Heme-wel haled hose of þat same grene,
 þat spenet on his sparlyr, & clene spures vnder,
 Of bryzt golde, vpon silk bordes, barred ful ryche,
 160 & scholes vnder schankes, þere þe schalk rides ;
 & alle his vesture uerayly watȝ clene verdure,
 Boþe þe barres of his belt & oper blype stones,
 þat were richely rayled in his aray clene,
 164 Aboutte hym-self & his sadel, vpon silk werkeȝ,
 þat were to tor for to telle of tryflies þe halue,
 þat were enbrauded abof, wyth bryddes & flyȝes,
 With gay gaudi of grene, þe golde ay in myddes ;
 168 þe pendautes of his paytture, þe proude cropure,
 His molaynes, & alle þe metail anamayld was þenne,
 þe steropes þat he stod on, stayned of þe same,
 & his arsounȝ al after, & his apel sturtes,
 172 þat euer glemereȝ & glent al of grene stones.
 þe fole þat he ferkkes on, fyn of þat ilke,
 sertayn ;

A grene hors gret & pikke,
 A stede ful stif to strayne,
 In brawden brydel quik,
 To þe gome he watȝ ful gayn.

IX.

Gaily was the
knight attired.

His great beard,
like a bush, hung
on his breast.

- Wel gay watȝ þis gome gered in grene,
 180 & þe here of his hed of his hors swete ;
 Fayre fannand fax vmbe-foldes his schulderes ;
 A much berd as¹ a busk ouer his brest henges,
 þat wyth his higlich here, þat of his hed reches,
 184 Watȝ euesed al vmbe-torne, a-bof his elbowes,

¹ MS. as as.

- þat half his armes þer vnder were halched in þe wyse
 Of a kyngeʒ capados, þat closes his swyre.
 þe mane of þat mayn hors much to hit lyke,
 188 Wel cresped & cemmed wyth knottes ful mony,
 Folden in wyth fildore aboute þe fayre grene,
 Ay a herle of þe here, an oþer of golde ;
 þe tayl & his toppyng twyznen of a sute,
 192 & bounden boþe wyth a bande of a bryzt grene,
 Dubbed wyth ful dere stoneʒ, as þe dok lasted,
 Syþen prawn wyth a þwong a þwarle knot alofte,
 þer mony belleʒ ful bryzt of brende golde rungen.
 196 [Such a fole vpon folde, ne freke þat hym rydes,
 Watʒ neuer sene in þat sale wyth syzt er þat tyme,
 with yʒe ;
 He loked as layt so lyzt,
 200 So sayd al þat hym syʒe,
 Hit semed as no mon myzt,
 Vnder his dyntteʒ dryʒe.]

The horse's mane
was decked with
golden threads.

Its tail was
bound with a
green band.

Such a foal nor a
knight were never
before seen.

It seemed that no
man might en-
dure his dints.

X.

- Wheþer hade he no helme ne hawb[e]rgh nauþer,
 204 Ne no pysan, ne no plate þat pented to armes,
 Ne no schafte, ne no schelde, to schwue ne to smyte,
 Bot in his on honde he hade a holyn bobbe,
 þat is grattest in grene, when greueʒ ar bare,
 208 & an ax in his oþer, a hoge & vn-mete,
 A spetos sparþe to expoun in spelle quo-so myzt ;
 þe hede of an elnzerde þe large lenkþe hade,
 þe grayn al of grene stele & of golde hewen,
 212 þe bit burnyst bryzt, with a brod egge,
 As wel schapen to schere as scharp rasores ;
 þe stele of a stif staf þe sturne hit bi-grypte,
 þat watʒ wounden wyth yrn to þe wandeʒ ende,
 216 & al bigrauen with grene, in gracios¹ werkes ;

The knight car-
ried neither spear
nor shield.

In one hand was
a holly bough,

In the other an
axe,

the edge of which
was as keen as a
sharp razor,

[Fol. 94.]

and the handle
was encased in

¹ MS. *gracōs*.

iron, curiously
"graven with
green, in gracious
works."

Thus arrayed the
Green Knight
enters the hall,

without saluting
any one.

He asks for the
"governor" of
the company,

and looks for the
most renowned.

A lace lapped aboute, þat louked at þe hede,
& so after þe halme halched ful ofte,

Wyth tryed tasselez þerto tacched in-noghe,

220 On botounz of þe bryzt grene brayden ful ryche

þis hapel heldez hym in, & þe halle entres,

Driuande to þe heze dece, dut he no woþe,

Haylsed he neuer one, bot heze he ouer loket.

224 þe fyrst word þat he warp, [P] "wher is," he sayd,

"þe gouernour of þis gyng? gladly I wolde

Se þat segg in syzt, & with hym self speke

raysoun."]

228 To knyzte; he kest his yze,

& reled hym vp & doun,

He stemmed & con studie,

Quo walt þer most renoun.

XI.

Much they mar-
vel to see a man
and a horse

as green as grass.

Never before had
they seen such a
sight as this.

They were afraid
to answer,

and were as
silent as if sleep
had taken pos-
session of them;

some from fear
and others from
courtesy.

232 Ther wat; loking on lenþe, þe lude to be-holde,

For vch mon had meruayle quat hit mene myzt,

þat a hapel & a horse myzt such a hwe lach,

As growe grene as þe gres & grener hit semed,

236 þen grene aumayl on golde lowande bryzter;

Al studied þat þer stod, & stalked hym nerre,

Wyth al þe wonder of þe worlde, what he worch
schulde.

For fele sellyez had þay sen, bot such neuer are,

240 For-þi for fantoum & fayryze þe folk þere hit demed;

þer-fore to answere wat; ar;e mony apel freke,

& al stouned at his steuen, & stonstil seten,

In a swoghe-sylence þur; þe sale riche

244 [P] As al were slypped vpon slepe so slaked hor lote;
in hyze.

I deme hit not al for doute,

Bot sum for cortaysye:

248 Bot let hym þat al schulde loute,

Cast vnto þat wyze.]

XII.

- penn Arpour bifore þe hiȝ deceþatauenture byholdeȝ,
 & rekenly hym reuerenced, for rad was he neuer,
 252 & sayde, "wyȝe, welcum iwys to þis place,
 þe hede of þis ostel Arthour I hat ;
 Liȝt luflych adoun, & lenge, I þe praye,
 & quat so þy wylle is, we schal wyt after." [syttēs,
 256 "Nay, as help me," quod þe hapeł, "he þat on hyȝe
 To wone any quyle in þis won, hit watȝ not myn
 Bot for þe los of þe lede is lyft vp so hyȝe, [ernde ;
 & þy burȝ & þy burnes best ar holden,
 260 Stifest vnder stel-gere on stedes to ryde,
 þe wyȝtest & þe worþyest of þe worldes kynde,
 Preue for to play wyth in oþer pure laykeȝ,
 & here is kydde cortaysye, as I haf herd carp,
 264 & þat hatȝ wayned me hider, I-wyis, at þis tyme.
 ȝe may be seker bi þis braunch þat I bere here,
 þat I passe as in pes, & no plyȝt seche ;
 For had I founded in fere, in feȝtyng wyse,
 268 I haue a hauberghe at home & a helme boþe,
 A schelde, & a scharp spere, schinande bryȝt,
 Ande oþer weppenes to welde, I wene wel als,
 Bot for I wolde no were, my wedeȝ ar softer.
 272 Bot if þou be so bold as alle burneȝ tellen,
 þou wyl grant me godly þe gomen þat I ask,
 bi ryȝt."
 Arthour con onsware,
 276 & sayd, "sir cortays knyȝt,
 If þou craue batayl bare,
 Here fayleȝ þou not to fyȝt."

Arthur salutes
the Green
Knight,

[Fol. 94b.]
bids him wel-
come, and invites
him to stay
awhile.

The knight says
that he will not
tarry.

He seeks the
most valiant that
he may try him.

He comes in
peace.

At home, how-
ever, he has both
shield and spear.

Arthur assures
him that he shall
not fail to find an
opponent worthy
of him.

XIII.

- "Nay, frayst I no fyȝt, in fayth I þe telle,
 280 Hit arn aboute on þis bench bot berdleȝ chylder ;
 If I were hasped in armes on a heȝe stede,
 Here is no mon me to mach, for myȝteȝ so¹ wayke.

"I seek no fight
says the knight.
"Here are only
beardless chil-
dren."

Here is no man
to match me.

¹ MS. fo.

- [1] For þy I craue in þis court a crystemas gomen,
 Here are brave ones many,
 284 For hit is 3ol & nwe 3er, & here ar 3ep mony ;
 If any so hardy in þis hous holdeþ hym-seluen,
 Be so bolde in his blod, brayn[-wod]¹ in hys hede,
 þat dar stifly strike a strok for an oþer,
 288 I schal gif hym of my gyft þys giserne ryche,
 þis ax, þat is heué in-nogh, to hondele as hym lykes,
 & I schal bide þe fyrst bur, as bare as I sitte.
 If any freke be so felle to fonde þat I telle,
 292 Lepe lyztly me to, & lach þis weppen,
 I quit-clayme hit for euer, kepe hit as his auen,
 & I schal stonde hym a strok, stif on þis flet,
 Ellez þou wyl dize me þe dom to dele hym an oþer,
 296 barlay ;
 & 3et gif hym respite,
 A twelmonyth & a day ;
 Now hy3e, & let se tite
 300 Dar any her-inne o3t say."]
 but I shall give him a 'stroke' in return
 within a twelve-month and a day."

XIV.

- Fear kept all silent.
 The knight rolled his red eyes about,
 and bent his bristly green brows.
 Waving his beard awhile, he exclaimed :
 "What ! is this Arthur's court ?"
 If he hem stowned vpon fyrst, stiller were þanno
 Alle þe hered-men in halle, þe hy3 & þe lo3e ;
 þe renk on his rounce hym ruched in his sadel,
 304 & runisch-ly his rede y3en he reled aboute,
 Bende his bresed bro3e3, blycande grene,
 Wayued his berde for to wayte quo-so wolde ryse.
 When non wolde kepe hym with carphe co3edful hy3e,
 308 Ande rimed hym ful richley, & ryzt hym to speke :
 "What, is þis Arpures hous," quod þe hapel þenne,
 "þat al þe rous rennes of, þur3 ryalmes so mony ?
 Where is now your sourquydrye & your conquestes,
 312 Your gry[n]del-layk, & your greme, & your grete wordes ?
 Now is þe reuel & þe renoun of þe rounde table
 Ouer-walt wyth a worde of on wy3es speche ;
 For al dares for drede, with-oute dynt schewed !"
 316 Wyth þis he lazes so loude, þat þe lorde greued ;

¹ MS. brayn.

þe blod schot for scham in-to his schyre face
& lere ;

Arthur blushes
for shame.

- 320 He wex as wroth as wynde,
So did alle þat þer were,
þe kyng as kene bi kynde,
þen stod þat stif mon nere.

He waxes as
wroth as the
wind.

XV.

- Ande sayde, "hapel, by heuen þyn askyng is nys,
324 & as þou foly hatz frayst, fynde þe be-houes ;
I know no gome þat is gast of þy grete wordes.
Gif me now þy geserne, vpon godez halwe,
& I schal baypen þy bone, þat þou boden habbes."

He assures the
knight that no
one is afraid of
his great words.

- 328 Lyztly lepez he hym to, & lazt at his honde ;
þen feersly þat oper freke vpon fote lyztis.
Now hatz Arthure his axe, & þe halme grypez,
& sturnely sturnez hit aboute, þat stryke wyth hit þozt.

[Fol. 95b.]

- 332 þe stif mon hym bifore stod vpon hyzt,
Herre þen ani in þe hous by þe hede & more ; [berde,
Wyth sturne schere þer he stod, he stroked his
& wyth a countenaunce dryze he droz down his cote,
336 No more mate ne dismayd for hys mayn dintez,
þen any burne vpon bench hade brozt hym to drynk

Arthur seizes his
axe.

The knight,
stroking his
beard, awaits the
blow, and with a
"dry counten-
ance" draws
down his coat.

- of wyne.
[Gawan, þat sate bi þe quene,
340 To þe kyng he can enclyne,
"I be-seche now with sazez sene,
þis melly mot be myne."]

Sir Gawayne be-
seches the king
to let him under-
take the blow.

XVI.

"Wolde ze, worpilych lorde," quod Gawan to þe
kyng,

- 344 "Bid me boze fro þis benche, & stonde by yow þere,
þat I wyth-oute vylanye myzt voyde þis table,
& þat my legge lady lyked not ille,

He asks permis-
sion to leave the
table; he says,

- I wolde com to *your counseyl*, bfore *your cort ryche*.
- it is not meet
that Arthur
should be active
in the matter,
- 348 For me pink hit not semly, as hit is soþ knawen,
þer such an askyng is heuened so hyȝe in *your sale*,
þaȝȝe ȝour-self betalenttyf to take hit to *your-seluen*,
Whil mony so bolde yow aboute vpon bench sytten,
- while so many
bold ones sit
upon bench.
- 352 þat vnder heuen, I hope, non hazerer of wylle,
Ne better bodyes on bent, þer baret is rered ;
I am þe wakkest, I wot, and of wyt feblest,
& lest lur of my lyf, quo laytes þe soþe, [prayse,
- Although the
weakest, he is
quite ready to
meet the Green
Knight.
- 356 Bot for as much as ȝe ar myn em, I am only to
No bounté bot *your blod* I in my bodé knowe ;
& syþen þis note is so nys, þat noȝt hit yow falles,
& I haue frayned hit at yow fyrst, foldeȝ hit to me,
- 360 & if I carp not comlyly, let alle þis cort rych,
bout blame."
- Ryche to-geder con roun,
& syþen þay redder alle same,
- 364 To ryd þe kyng wyth croun,
& gif Gawan þe game.
- The nobles en-
treat Arthur to
"give Gawayne
the game."

XVII.

- [Fol. 96.] þen comaunded þe kyng þe knyȝt for to ryse ;
& he ful radly vp ros, & ruchched hym fayre,
- The king gives
his nephew his
weapon,
- 368 Kneled doun bfore þe kyng, & cacheȝ þat weppen ;
& he luflyly hit hym laft, & lyfte vp his honde,
& gef hym goddeȝ blessing, & gladly hym biddes
þat his hert & his honde schulde hardi be boþe.
- and tells him to
keep heart and
hand steady.
- 372 "Kepe þe cosyn," quod þe kyng, "þat þou on kyrf
sette,
& if þou redeȝ hym ryȝt, redly I trowe,
þat þou schal byden þe bur þat he schal bede after.
Gawan gotȝ to þe gome, with giserne in honde,
- 376 & he baldly hym bydeȝ, he bayst neuer þe helder.
þen carppeȝ to *sir Gawan* þe knyȝt in þe grene,
"Refourme we oure for-wardes, er we fyrrer passe.
Fyrst I eþe þe, hapel, how þat þou hattes,
- The Green
Knight enquires
the name of his
opponent.

- 380 þat þou me telle truly, as I tryst may? " [hatte,
 "In god fayth," *quod* þe goode knyzt, "Gawan I
 þat bede þe þis buffet, quat-so bi-fallez after,
 & at þis tyme twelmonyth take at þe anoper,
 384 Wyth what weppen so¹ þou wylt, & wyth no wyȝellez,
 on lyue."
 þat oper on-swareȝ agayn,
 "Sir Gawan, so mot I þryue,
 388 As I am ferly fayn,
 þis dint þat þou schal dryue."
- Sir Gawayne tells him his name, and declares that he is willing to give and receive a blow.
 1 MS. fo.
 The other thereof is glad.

XVIII.

- "Bigog," *quod* þe grene knyzt, "sir Gawan, melykes,
 þat I schal fange at þy fust þat I haf frayst here ;
 392 & þou hatȝ redily rehersed, bi resoun ful trwe,
 Clanly al þe couenaunt þat I þe kyng asked,
 Saf þat þou schal siker me, segge, bi þi trawpe,
 þat þou schal seche me þi-self, where-so þou hopes
 396 I may be funde vpon folde, & foch þe such wages
 As þou deles me to day, bfore þis douȝe ryche."
 "Where schulde I wale þe," *quod* Gauan, "where
 is þy place?
 I wot neuer where þou wonyes, bi hym þat me wroȝt,
 400 Ne I know not þe, knyzt, þy cort, ne þi name.
 Bot teche me truly þer-to, & telle me howe þou hattes,
 & I schal wære alle my wyt to wynne me þeder,
 & þat I swere þe for soþe, & by my seker trawpe."
 404 "þat is in-nogh in nwe ȝer, hit nedes no more,"
Quod þe gome in þe grene to Gawan þe hende,
 "ȝif I þe telle trwly, quen I þe tape haue,
 & þou me smopely hatȝ smyten, smartly I þe teche
 408 Of my hous, & my home, & myn owen nome,
 þen may þou frayst my fare, & forwardeȝ holde,
 & if I spende no speche, þenne spedeȝ þou þe better,
 For þou may leng in þy londe, & layt no fyrrre,
 412 bot slokes ;
- "It pleases me well, Sir Gawayne," says the Green Knight, "that I shall receive a blow from thy fist ; but thou must swear that thou wilt seek me,
 to receive the blow in return."
 "Where shall I seek thee ?" says Sir Gawayne ;
 "tell me thy name and abode and I will find thee."
 [Fol. 96b.]
 "When thou hast smitten me," says the knight, "then tell I thee of my home and name ;
 if I speak not at all, so much the better for thee.

Take now thy
grim tool, and let
us see how thou
knockest."

Ta now þy grymme tole to þe,
& let se how þou cnokeȝ."

"Gladly sir, for soþe,"

416

Quod Gawan ; his ax he strokes.

XIX.

The Green
Knight

puts his long
lovely locks aside
and lays bare his
neck.

Sir Gawayne lets
fall his axe

and severs the
head from the
body.

The head falls to
the earth.
Many kick it aside
with their feet.

The knight never
falters ;

he rushes forth,
seizes his head,

steps into the
saddle,
holding the while
the head in his
hand by the hair,

and turns him-
self about.
[Fol. 97.]

The grene knyȝt vpon grounde grayþely hym dresseȝ,
A littel lut with þe hede, þe lere he discouereȝ,
His longe louelych lokkeȝ he layd ouer his croun,
420 Let þe naked nec to þe note schewe.

Gauan gripped to his ax, & gederes hit on hyȝt,
þe key fot on þe folde he be-fore sette,
[LCS] Let hit down lyȝtly lyȝt on þe naked,
424 þat þe scharp of þe schalk schyndered þe bones,
& schrank þurȝ þe schyire grece, & scade hit in
twyne,

þat þe bit of þe broun stel bot on þe grounde.
þe fayre hede fro þe halce hit [felle] to þe erþe,
428 þat fele hit foyned wyth her fete, þere hit forth roled ;
þe blod brayd fro þe body, þat blykked on þe greneȝ,
& nawþer faltered ne fel þe freke neuer þe holder,
Bot styþly he start forth vpon styf schonkes,

432 & ru[n]yschly he raȝt out, þere as renkkeȝ stodon,
Laȝt to his luffy hed, & lyft hit vp sone ;
& syþen boȝeȝ to his blonk, þe brydel he cachcheȝ,
Steppeȝ in to stel bawe & strydeȝ alofte,
436 & his hede by þe here in his honde haldeȝ ;
& as sadly þe segge hym in his sadel sette,
As non vnhap had hym ayled, þaȝ hedleȝ he¹ we[re],

in stedde ;

440 He brayde his bluk aboute,
þat vgly bodi þat bledde,
Moni on of hym had doute,
Bi þat his resounȝ were redde.

XX.

- 444 For þe hede in his honde he haldeþ vp euen,
 To ward þe derrest on þe dece he dresseþ þe face,
 & hit lyfte vp þe y3e-lyddeþ, & loked ful brode,
 & meled þus much with his muthe, as þe may now here.
- 448 "Loke, Gawan, þou be grayþe to go as þou hetteþ,
 & layte as lelly til þou me, lude, fynde,
 As þou hatþ hette in þis halle, herande þise kny3tes ;
 [To þe grene chapel þou chose, I charge þe, to fotte
- 452 Such a dunt as þou hatþ dalt, disserued þou habbeþ,
 To be 3ederly 3olden on nw 3eres morn ;
 þe kny3t of þe grene chapel men knowen me mony ;
 For þi me fort to fynde if þou fraysteþ, fayleþ þou neuer,
- 456 þer fore com, oþer recreaunt be calde þe be-houeus."]
 With a runisch rout þe rayneþ he torneþ,
 Halled out at þe hal-dor, his hed in his hande,
 þat þe fyr of þe flynt flaþe fro fole houes.
- 460 To quat kyth he be-com, knwe non þere,
 Neuer more þen þay wyste fram queþen he watþ won-
 what þenne ? [nen ;
 þe kyng & Gawen þare,
- 464 At þat grene þay laþe & grenne,
 3et breued watþ hit ful bare,
 A meruayl among þo menne.

The head lifts up
its eyelids,

and addresses Sir
Gawayne ; " Look
thou, be ready to
go as thou hast
promised,

and seek till thou
findest me.

Get thee to the
Green Chapel,

there to receive
a blow on New
Year's morn.

Fall thou never ;

come, or recreant
be called."

The Green
Knight then
rushes out of the
hall, his head in
his hand.

At that green one
Arthur and Ga-
wayne " laugh
and grin."

XXI.

- þaþ Arþer þe hende kyng at hert hade wonder,
- 468 He let no semblaunt be sene, boþ sayde ful hyþe
 To þe comlych quene, wyth cortays speche,
 "Dere dame, to day demay yow neuer ;
 Wel by-commes such craft vpon cristmasse,
- 472 Laykyng of enterludeþ, to laþe & to syng,
 Among þise kynde caroles of kny3teþ & ladyeþ ;
 Neuer-þe-lece to my mete I may me wel dres,
 For I haf sen a selly, I may not for-sake."
- 476 He glent vpon sir Gawen, & gaynly he sayde,

Arthur addresses
the queen :

" Dear dame, be
not dismayed ;
such marvels
will become the
Christmas fes-
tival ;

I may now go to
meat.

Sir Gawayne,
hang up thine
axe." [Fol. 97b.]

"Now *sir*, heng vp þyn ax, þat hatz in-nogh hewen."
& hit watz don abof þe dece, on doser to henge,
þer alle men for meruayl myzt on hit loke,
480 & bi trwe tytel þer-of to telle þe wonder.

The king and his
knights sit feast-
ing at the board
till day is ended.

þenne þay bozed to a borde þise burnes to-geder,
þe kyng & þe gode knyzt, & kene men hem serued
Of alle dayntyeȝ double, as derrest myzt falle,
484 Wyth alle maner of mete & mynstralcie boþe ;
Wyth wele walt þay þat day, til worped an ende,
in londe.

Now beware, Sir
Gawayne, lest
thou fail to seek
the adventure
that thou hast
taken in hand.

Now þenk wel, *sir* Gawan,
488 For woþe þat þou ne wonde,
þis auenture forto frayn,
þat þou hatz tan on honde.]

[FYTTE THE SECOND.]

I.

This marvel
serues to keep up
a brisk conversa-
tion in Court.

THIS hanselle hatz Arthur of auenturus on fyrst,
492 In ȝonge ȝer, for he ȝerned ȝelpyng to here,
Thaz hym wordeȝ were wane, when þay to sete wenten ;
Now ar þay stoken of sturne werk, staf-ful her hond.
Gawan watz glad to be-gynne pose gomnez in halle ;
496 Bot þaz þe ende be heuy, haf ȝe no wonder ;
For þaz men ben mery in mynde, quen þay han
mayn drynk,

The year passes
full quickly and
never returns.

A ȝere ȝernes ful ȝerne, & ȝeldeȝ neuer lyke,
þe forme to þe fynisment foldeȝ ful selden.

500 For-þi þis ȝol ouer-ȝede, & þe ȝere after,
& vche sesoun serlepes sued after oþer ;

After Christmas
comes the "crab-
bed Lenten."

After crysten-masse com þe crabbed lentoun,
þat fraysteȝ flesch wyth þe fysche & fode more symple ;

504 Bot þenne þe weder of þe worlde wyth wynter hit
þrepeȝ,

Spring sets in and
warm showers
descend ;

Colde clengeȝ adoun, cloudeȝ vp-lyften,
Schyre schedeȝ þe rayn in schowreȝ ful warme,

- Falleȝ vpon fayre flat, flowreȝ þere schewen,
 508 Boȝe groundeȝ & þe greueȝ grene ar her wedeȝ,
 Bryddeȝ busken to bylde, & bremlych syngeȝ,
 For solace of þe softe somer þat sues þer-after,
 bi bonk ;
 512 & blossomȝeȝ bolne to blowe,
 Bi raweȝ rych & ronk,
 þen noteȝ noble in-noȝe,
 Ar herde in wod so wlonk.

the groves be-
 come green :
 birds build and
 sing,
 for joy of the
 summer that fol-
 lows ;

blossoms begin
 to bloom,

and noble notes
 are heard in the
 woods.
 [Fol. 98

II.

- 516 After þe sesoun of somer wyth þe soft wyndeȝ,
 Quen ȝeferus syfleȝ hym-self on sedeȝ & erbeȝ,
 Wela-wynne is þe wort þat woxes þer-oute,
 When þe donkande dewe dropeȝ of þe leueȝ,
 520 To hide a blysful blusch of þe bryȝt sunne.
 Bot þen hyȝes heruest, & hardenes hym sone,
 Warneȝ hym for þe wynter to wax ful rype ;
 He dryues wyth droȝt þe dust for to ryse,
 524 Fro þe face of þe folde to flyȝe ful hyȝe ;
 Wroȝe wynde of þe welkyn wrasteleȝ with þe sunne,
 þe leueȝ lancen fro þe lynde, & lyȝten on þe grounde,
 & al grayes þe gres, þat grene watȝ ere ;
 528 þenne al rypeȝ & roteȝ þat ros vpon fyrst,
 & þus ȝimeȝ þe ȝere in ȝisterdayeȝ mony,
 & wynter wyndeȝ aȝayn, as þe worlde askeȝ
 no sage.
 532 Til meȝel-mas mone,
 Watȝ cumen wyth wynter wage ;
 þen þenkkeȝ Gawan ful sone,
 Of his anious uyage.

Then the soft
 winds of summer,

beautiful are the
 flowers wet with
 dew-drops.

But harvest ap-
 proaches soon,

and drives the
 dust about,

The leaves drop
 off the trees,
 the grass becom-
 es
 gray, and all
 ripens and rots.

Winter winds
 round again,

and then Sir Ga-
 wayne thinks of
 his dread journey.

III.

- 536 ȝet quyl al-hal-day with Arȝer he lenges,
 & he made a fare on þat fest, for þe frekeȝ sake,
 With much reuel & ryche of þe rounde table ;

On All-hallows
 day Arthur
 makes a feast for
 his nephew's
 sake.

13 Knyzteȝ ful cortays & comlych ladies,

540 Al for luf of þat lede in longynge þay were,
Bot neuer-þe-lece ne þe later þay neuened bot merþe,
Mony ioyleȝ for þat ientyle iapeȝ þer maden.]

After meat, Sir
Gawayne thus
speaks to his
uncle:

"Now, liege lord,
I ask leave of
you,

For after mete, *with* mournynge he meleȝ to his eme,

544 & spekeȝ of his passage, & pertly he sayde, .
"Now, lege lorde of my lyf, leue I yow ask ;
ȝe knowe þe cost of þis cace, kepe I no more ;
To telle yow teneȝ þer-of neuer bot trifel ;

for I am bound
on the morn to
seek the Green
Knight."

548 Bot I am boun to þe bur barely to morne,
To sech þe gome of þe grene, as god wyl me wysse."
þenne þe best of þe burȝ boȝed to-geder,
Aywan, & Errik, & oþer ful mony,

[Fol. 98b.] 552 Sir Doddinaual de Sauage, þe duk of Clarence,
Launcelot, & Lyonel, & Lucan þe gode,
Sir Boos, & sir Byduer, big men boþe,
& mony oþer menskful, *with* Mador de la Port.

Many nobles, the
best of the court,
counsel and com-
fort him.

556 Alle þis compayny of court com þe kyng nerre,
For to counseyl þe knyȝt, with care at her hert ;
þere watȝ much derue doel driuen in þe sale,
þat so worthe as Wawan schulde wende on þat
ernde,

Much sorrow
prevails in the
hall.

560 To dryȝe a delful dynt, & dele no more
wyth bronde.

14 þe knyȝt mad ay god chere,
& sayde, " quat schuld I wonde,

Gawayne declares
that he has no-
thing to fear.

564 Of destines derf & dere,
What may mon do bot fonde? "]

IV.

On the morn he
asks for his arms.

He dowelleȝ þer al þat day, and dresseȝ on þe morn,
Askeȝ erly hys armeȝ, & alle were þay broȝt ;

A carpet is spread
on the floor,

568 Fyrst a tule tapit, tyȝt ouer þe flet,
& miche watȝ þe gyld gere þat glent þer alofte ;
þe stif mon steppeȝ þeron, & þe stel hondeleȝ,

and he steps
thereon.

- Dubbed in a dublet of a dere tars,
 572 & syþen a crafty capados, closed aloft,
 þat wyth a bryzt blaunner was bounden *with-inne* ;
 þenne set þay þe sabatoun vpon þe segge fotez,
 His legeȝ lapped in stel *with* luflych greueȝ,
 576 *With* polayneȝ piched þer-to, policed ful clene,
 Aboute his kneȝ knaged wyth knoteȝ of golde ;
 Queme quyssewes þen, þat coyntlych closed
 His thik þrawn þyȝeȝ, *with* þwonges to-tachched ;
 580 & syþen þe brawden bryne of bryzt stel rynges,
 Vmbe-weued þat wyȝ, vpon wlonk stuffe ;
 & wel bornyst brace vpon his boþe armes,
With gode cownters & gay, & glouesȝ of plate,
 584 & alle þe godlych gere þat hym gayn schulde
 þat tyde ;
 Wyth ryche cote-armure,
 His gold sporeȝ spend *with* pryde,
 588 Gurde wyth a bront ful sure,
With silk sayn vmbe his syde.

He is dubbed in
a dublet of Tar-
sic silk, and a
well-made hood.

They set steel
shoes on his feet,
and lap his legs
in steel greaves.

Fair cuisses en-
close his thighs,

and afterwards
they put on the
steel habergeon,

well-burnished
braces, elbow
pieces, and gloves
of plate.

Over all this is
placed the coat
armour.
His spurs are
then fixed,
and his sword is
attached to his
side by a silken
girdle.

V.

- When he watȝ hasped in armes, his harnays watȝ
 þe lest lachet ou[þ]er loupe lemed of golde ; [ryche,
 592 So harnayst as he watȝ he herkneȝ his masse,
 Offred & honoured at þe heȝe auter ;
 Syþen he comeȝ to þe kyng & to his cort fereȝ,
 Lacheȝ luffy his leue at lordeȝ & ladyeȝ ;
 596 & þay hym kyst & conueyed, bikende hym to kryst.
 Bi þat watȝ Gryngolet grayth, & gurde *with* a sadel,
 þat glemed ful gayly *with* mony golde frenges,
 Ay quere naylet ful nwe, for þat note ryched ;
 600 þe brydel barred aboute, *with* bryzt golde bounden ;
 þe apparayl of þe payttrure, & of þe proude skyrteȝ,
 þe propore, & þe couertor, acorded wyth þe arsouneȝ ;
 & al watȝ rayled on red ryche golde nayleȝ,
 604 þat al glytered & glent as glem of þe sunne.

[Fol. 99a.]
Thus arrayed the
knight hears
mass,

and afterwards
takes leave of
Arthur and his
court.

By that time his
horse Gringolet
was ready,

the harness of
which glittered
like the "gleam
of the sun."

Then Sir Ga-
wayne sets his
helmet upon his
head,

with a "uri-
soun,"
richly embrol-
dered with gems.

The circle around
the helmet was
decked with dia-
monds.

Then they show
him his shield
with the "pent-
angle" of pure
gold.

The "pentangle"
was devised by
Solomon as a
token of truth.

[Fol. 99b.]

It is called the
endless knot.

It well becomes
the good Sir Ga-
wayne,

- þenne hentes he þe helme, & hastily hit kysse,
þat wat3 stapled stifly, & stoffed wyth-inne ;
Hit wat3 hy3e on his hede, hasped bihynde,
608 Wyth a lyztli vrysoun ouer þe auentayle,
Enbrawden & bounden wyth þe best gemme3,
On brode sylkyn borde, & brydde3 on seme3,
As papiaye3 paynted pernyng bitwene,
612 Tortors & trulofe3 entayled so þyk,
As mony burde þer-aboute had ben seuen wynter
in toune ;
þe cercle wat3 more o prys,
616 þat vmbe-clypped hys croun,
Of diamaunte3 a deusy,
þat boþe were bryzt & broun.

VI.

- Then þay schewed hym þe schelde, þat was of schyr
goule3,
620 Wyth þe pentangel de-paynt of pure golde hwe3 ;
He brayde3 hit by þe baude-ryk, aboute þe hals keste3,
þat bisemed þe segge semlyly fayre.
& quy þe pentangel apende3 to þat prynce noble,
624 I am in-tent yow to telle, þof tary hyt me schulde ;
Hit is a syngne þat Salamon set sum-quyle,
In bytoknyng of trawþe, bi tytyle þat hit habbe3,
For hit is a figure þat halde3 fyue poynte3,
628 & vche lyne vmbe-lappe3 & louke3 in oþer,
& ay quere hit is ende3,¹ & Englych hit callen
Ouer-al, as I here, þe endeles knot.
For-þy hit acorde3 to þis knyzt, & to his cler arme3,
632 For ay faythful in fyue & sere fyue syþe3,
Gawan wat3 for gode knawen, & as golde pured,
Voyded of vche vylany, wyth vertue3,² ennourmed
in mote ;
636 For-þy þe pen-tangel nwe
He ber in schelde & cote,

¹ MS. emdelez.

² MS. verertu-3

As tulk of tale most trwe,
& gentylest knyȝt of lote,

a knight the
truest of spech
and the fairest
of form.

VII.

640 Fyrst he watȝ funden fautleȝ in his fyue wytteȝ,
& efte fayled neuer þe freke in his fyue fyngres,
& alle his afaunce vpon folde watȝ in þe fyue woundeȝ;
þat Cryst kaȝt on þe croys, as þe crede telleȝ;

He was found
faultless in his
five wits.

His trust was in
the five wounds.

644 & quere-so-euer þys mon in melly watȝ stad,
His þro þoȝt watȝ in þat, þurȝ alle oþer þyngeȝ,
þat alle his forsnes he fong at þe fyue ioȝeȝ,
þat þe hende heuen quene had of hir chylde;

648 At þis cause þe knyȝt comlyche hade

In þe more half of his schelde hir ymage depaynted,
þat quen he blusched þerto, his belde neuer payred.
þe fyft fyue þat I finde þat þe frek vsed,

The image of the
Virgin was de-
picted upon his
shield.

652 Watȝ fraunchyse, & felazschyp for-be al þyng;
His clannes & his cortaysye croked were neuer,
& pite, þat passeȝ alle poynteȝ, þyse pure fyue
Were harder happed on þat hapel þen on any oþer.

In cleanness and
courtesy he was
never found
wanting,

656 Now alle þese fyue syȝeȝ, forsoþe, were fetled on þis
knyȝt,

& vchone halched in oþer, þat non ende hade,
& fyched vpon fyue poynteȝ, þat fayld neuer,
Ne samned neuer in no syde, ne sundred nouþ[er],

660 With-uten ende, at any noke [a]i-quere fynde,
Where-euer þe gomen bygan, or glod to an ende.
þer-fore on his schene schelde schapen watȝ þe knot,
þus alle wyth red golde vpon rede gowleȝ,

therefore was the
endless knot fast-
ened on his
shield.

664 þat is þe pure pentaungel wyth þe peple called,
with lore.

[Fol. 100.]

Now grayped is Gawan gay,
& laȝt his launce ryȝt þore,
668 & gef hem alle goud day,
He wende for euer more.

Sir Gawayne
seizes his lance
and bids all
"good day."

VIII.

He spurs his
horse and goes on
his way.

He sperred þe sted with þe spureȝ, & sprong on his
way,

So stif þat þe ston fyr stroke out þer-after ;

All that saw that
seemly one
mourned in their
hearta.

672 Al þat seȝ þat semly syked in hert,
& sayde soþly al same segges til oþer,
Carande for þat comly, "bi Kryst, hit is scape,
þat þou, leude, schal be lost, þat art of lyf noble !

They declared
that his equal
was not to be
found upon
earth.

676 To fynde hys fere vpon folde, in fayth is not eþe ;
Warloker to haf wroȝt had more wyt bene,
& haf dyȝt ȝonder dere a duk to haue worþed ;

It would have
been better for
him to have been
a leader of men,
than to die by the
hands of "an
elvish man."

680 A lowande leder of ledeȝ in londe hym wel semeȝ,
& so had better haf ben þen britned to noȝt,
Hadet wyth an aluisch mon, for angardeȝ pryde.
Who knew euer any kyng such counsel to take,
As knyȝteȝ in cauel[aci]ounȝ¹ on cryst-masse
gomneȝ !"

Much was the
warm water that
poured from eyes
that day.

684 Wel much watȝ þe warme water þat waltered of yȝen,
When þat semly syre soȝt fro þo woneȝ
þat² daye ;

He made non abode,

688 Bot wyȝtly went hys way,
Mony wylsum way he rode,
þe bok as I herde say.

Meanwhile many
a weary way goes
Sir Gawayne.

IX.

Now rides the
knight through
the realms of
England.

Now rideȝ þis renk þurȝ þe ryalme of Logres,

692 Sir Gauan, on Godeȝ halue, þaȝ hym no gomen þoȝt ;
Ofȝ, leudleȝ alone, he lengeȝ on nyȝteȝ,
þer he fonde noȝt hym byfore þe fare þat he lyked ;

He has no com-
panion but his
horse.

Hade he no fere bot his fole, bi frytheȝ & douneȝ,

696 Ne no gome bot God, bi gate wyth to karp,
Til þat he neȝed ful neghe³ in to þe Norþe Waleȝ ;
Alle þe iles of Anglesay on lyft half he haldeȝ,
& fareȝ ouer þe fordeȝ by þe for-londeȝ,

No men does he
see till he ap-
proaches North
Wales.

¹ MS. cauelounȝ.

² MS. þad.

³ MS. noghe.

- 700 Ouer at þe Holy-Hede, til he hade eft bonk
 In þe wyldrenesse of Wyrle; wonde þer bot lyte
 þat auþer God oþer gome wyth goud hert louied.
 & ay he frayned, as he ferde, at frekeþ þat he met,
 704 If þay hade herde any karp of a knyzt grene,
 In any grounde þer-about, of þe grene chapel;¹
 & al nykked hym wyth nay, þat neuer in her lyue
 þay seþe neuer no segge þat watþ of suche hweþ
 708 of grene.
 þe knyzt tok gates straunge,
 In mony a bonk vnbene,
 His cher ful oft con chaunge,
 712 þat chapel er he myzt sene.
- From Holyhead
he passes into
Wirral.
[Fol. 100b.]
There he finds
but few that loved
God or man.
He enquires after
the Green Knight
of the Green
Chapel,
but can gain no
tidings of him.
His cheer oft
changed before
he found the
Chapel.

X.

- Mony klyf he ouer-clambe in contrayeþ straunge,
 Fer floten fro his frendeþ fremedly he rydeþ;
 At vche warþe oþer water þer þe wyþe passed,
 716 He fonde a foo hym byfore, bot ferly hit were,
 & þat so foule & so felle, þat fezt hym by-hode;
 So mony meruayl bi mount þer þe mon fyndeþ,
 Hit were to tore for to telle of þe tenþe dole.
 720 Sumwhyle wyth wormeþ he werreþ, & with wolues
 als,
 Sumwhyle wyth wodwos, þat woned in þe knarreþ,
 Boþe wyth bulleþ & bereþ, & boreþ oþer-quyle,
 & etayneþ, þat hym anelede, of þe heþe felle;
 724 Nade he ben duþty & dryþe, & dryþtyn had serued,
 Douteles he hade ben ded, & drepd ful ofte.
 For werre wrathed hym not so much, þat wynter
 was wors,
 When þe colde cler water fro þe cloudeþ schadde,²
 728 & fres er hit falle myzt to þe fale erþe;
 Ner slayn wyth þe slete he sleped in his yrnas,
 Mo nyzteþ þen in-noghe in naked rokkeþ,
- Many a cliff he
climbed over;
many a ford and
stream he cross-
ed, and every-
where he found a
foe.
It were too tedious
to tell the
tenth part of his
adventures
with serpents,
wolves, and wild
men;
with bulls, bears,
and boars.
Had he not been
both brave and
good, doubtless
he had been dead.
The sharp winter
was far worse
than any war that
ever troubled
him.

¹ MS. chapel.² MS. schadden.

- þer as claterande fro þe crest þe colde borne renneþ,
 732 & henged heþe ouer his hede in hard iisse-ikkles.
 þus in peryl, & payne, & plytes ful harde,
 Bi contray cayreþ¹ þis knyzt, tyl kryst-masse euen,
 al one;
 736 þe knyzt wel þat tyde,
 To Mary made his mone,
 þat ho hym red to ryde,
 & wysse hym to sum wone.

Thus in perill he
travels till Christ-
mas-eve.

To the Virgin
Mary he prays to
guide him to
some abode.

[Fol. 101.]

XI.

- On the morn Sir
Gawayne finds
himself in a deep
forest,
 where were old
oaks many a
hundred.
 Many sad birds
upon bare twigs
piped piteously
for the cold.
 Through many a
mire he goes, that
he may celebrate
the birth of
Christ.
 He beseeches the
Virgin Mary to
direct him to
some lodging
where he may
hear mass.
 Blessing himself,
he says, "Cross
of Christ, speed
me!"
- 740 Bi a mounte on þe morne meryly he rydes,
 Into a forest ful dep, þat ferly watþ wylde,
 Hiþe hilleþ on vche a halue, & holt wodeþ vnder,
 Of hore okeþ ful hoge a hundreth to-geder;
 744 þe hasel & þe haþ-borne were harled al samen,
 With roþe raged mosse rayled ay-where,
 With mony bryddeþ vnþlyþe vpon bare twyges,
 þat pitosly þer piped for pyne of þe colde.
 748 þe þome vpon Gryngolet glydeþ hem vnder,
 þurþ mony misy & myre, mon al hym one,
 Carande for his costes, lest he ne keuer schulde,
 To se þe seruy[se]² of þat syre, þat on þat self nyzt
 752 Of a burde watþ borne, oure baret to quelle;
 & þerfore sykyng he sayde, "I be-seche þe, lorde,
 & Mary, þat is myldest moder so dere,
 Of sum herber, þer heþly I myzt here masse,
 756 Ande þy matyneþ to-morne, mekely I ask,
 & þer-to prestly I pray my pater & aue,
 & crede."
 He rode in his prayere,
 760 & cryed for his mysdede,
 He sayned hym in syþes sere,
 & sayde "cros Kryst me spede!"

¹ MS. caryeþ.

² MS. seruy.

XII.

- Nade he sayned hym-self, segge, bot pryde,
 Er he watȝ war in þe wod of a won in a mote.
 Abof a launde, on a lawe, loken vnder boȝeȝ,
 Of mony borelych bole, aboute bi þe dicheȝ ;
 A castel þe comlokest þat euer knyȝt aȝte,
 768 Pyched on a prayere, a park al aboute,
 With a pyked palays, pyned ful pik,
 þat ~~vmbe-teȝe~~ mony tre mo þen two myle.
 þat holde on þat on syde þe hapel auysed,
 772 As hit schemered & schon þurȝ þe schyre okeȝ ;
 þenne hatȝ he hendly of his helme, & heȝly he þonkeȝ
 Iesus & say[nt] Gilyan, þat gentyle ar boȝe,
 þat cortaysly hade hym kydde, & his cry herkened. [Fol. 101b.]
 776 "Now bone hostel," coȝe þe burne, "I be-seche
 yow ȝette !"
 þenne gedereȝ he to Gryngolet with þe gilt heleȝ,
 & he ful chauncely hatȝ chosen to þe chef gate,
 þat broȝt bremlȝ þe burne to þe bryge ende,
 780 in haste ;
 þe bryge watȝ breme vp-brayde,
 þe ȝateȝ wer stoken faste,
 þe walleȝ were wel arayed,
 784 Hit dut no wyndeȝ blaste.

Scarcely had he
 blessed himself
 thrice

when he saw a
 dwelling in the
 wood, set on a
 hill,
 the comeliest
 castle that knight
 ever owned.

It shone as the
 sun through the
 bright oaks.

Sir Gawayne goes
 to the chief path,

and finds the
 draw-bridge
 raised, and the
 gates shut fast.

XIII.

- þe burne bode on bonk, þat on blonk houed,
 Of þe depe double dich þat drof to þe place,
 þe walle wod in þe water wonderly depe,
 788 Ande eft a ful huge heȝt hit haled vpon lofte,
 Of harde hewen ston vp to þe tableȝ,
 Enbaned vnder þe abataylment, in þe best lawe ;
 & syȝen garyteȝ ful gaye gered bi-twene,
 792 Wyth mony luflych loupe, þat louked ful glene ;
 A better barbican þat burne blusched vpon neuer ;
 & innermore he be-helde þat halle ful hyȝe,

The knight abides
 on the bank,

and observes the
 "huge height,"

with its battle-
 ments and watch
 towers.

Bright and long
were its round
towers,

with their well-
made capitals.

He thinks it fair
enough if he
might only come
within the
cloister.

He calls, and soon
there comes a
porter to know
the knight's er-
rand.

Towre[s]¹ telded bytwene, trochet ful pik,
796 Fayre fylvoleȝ þat fyȝed, & ferlyly long,
With coruon coprounes, craftyly sleȝe;
Chalk whyt chymnees þer ches he in-noȝe,
Vpon bastel roueȝ, þat blenked ful quyte;
800 So mony pynakle payntet watȝ poudred ay quere,
Among þe castel carneleȝ, clambred so pik,
þat þared out of papure purely hit semed.
þe fre freke on þe fole hit fayr in-n[o]ghe þoȝt,
804 If he myȝt keuer to com þe cloyster wyth-inne,
To herber in þat hostel, whyl halyday lested,]
aunant;

808 He calde, & sone þer com
A porter pure plesaut,
On þe wal his ernd he nome,
& haylsed þe knyȝt erraunt.

XIV.

"Good sir," says
Gawayne, "ask
the high lord of
this house to
grant me a lodg-
ing." [Fol. 102.]

"You are wel-
come to dwell
here as long as
you like," replied
the porter.

The draw-bridge
is let down,

and the gate is
opened wide to
receive him.

His horse is well
stabled.
Knights and
squires bring Ga-
wayne into the
hall.
Many a one has-
tens to take his

"Gode sir," quod Gawan, "woldeȝ þou go myn^{my errand} ernde,
812 To þe heȝ lorde of þis hous, herber to craue?"
"ȝe, Peter," quod þe porter, "& purely I trowe,"
þat ȝe be, wyȝe, welcum to won quyle yow lykeȝ."
þen ȝede þat wyȝe aȝayn swyȝe,
816 & folke frely hym wyth, to fonge þe knyȝt;
þay let down þe grete draȝt, & derely out ȝeden,
& kneled down on her knes vpon þe colde erȝe,
To welcum þis ilk wyȝ, as worȝy hom þoȝt;
820 þay ȝolden hym þe brode ȝate, ȝarked vp wyde,
& he hem raysed rekenly, & rod ouer þe bryȝge;
Sere seggeȝ hym sesed by sadel, quyl^{quyl} he lyȝt,
& syȝen stabeled his stede stif men in-noȝe.
824 Knyȝteȝ & swyereȝ comen down þenne,
For to bryȝ þis burne⁴ wyth blys in-to halle;
Quen he hef vp his helme, þer hized in-noghe

¹ MS. towre. ² MS. trowoe. ³ MS. quel. ⁴ MS. buurne.

- For to hent hit at his honde, þe hende to seruen,
 828 His bronde & his blasoun boþe þay token.
 þen haylsed he ful hendly þo hapelez vch one,
 & mony proud mon þer presed, þat prynce to honour;
 Alle hasped in his heȝ wēde to halle þay hym wonnen,
 832 þer fayre fyre vpon flet fersly breunned.
 þenne þe lorde of þe lede louteȝ fro his chambre,
 For to mete wyth menske þe mon on þe flōr;
 He sayde, "ȝe ar welcum to welde as yow lykeȝ;
 836 þat here is, al is yowre awen, to haue at yowre wylle
 & welde."
 "Graunt mercy," quod Gawayn,
 "þer Kryst hit yow for-ȝelde,"
 340 As frekeȝ þat semed fayn,
 Ayþer oþer in armeȝ con felde.

helmet and
sword.

The lord of the
folk bids him
welcome,

and they embrace
each other.

XV.

- Gawayn glyȝt on þe gome þat godly hym gret,
 & þuȝt hit a bolde burne þat þe burȝ aȝte,
 844 A hoȝe hapel for þe noneȝ, & of hyȝhe elde;¹
 Brode bryȝt watȝ his berde, & al beuer hwed,
 Sturne stif on þe stryȝpe on stal-worth schonkeȝ,
 Felle face as þe fyre, & fre of hys speche;
 848 & wel hym semed for soþe, as þe segge þuȝt,
 To lede a lortschyp in lee of leudeȝ ful gode.
 þe lorde hym charred to a chambre, & chefly
 cumaundeȝ
 To delyuer hym a leude, hym loȝly to serue;
 852 & þere were boun at his bode burneȝ in-noȝe, [noble,
 þat broȝt hym to a bryȝt boure, þer beddyng watȝ
 Of cortynes of clene sylk, wyth cler golde hemmeȝ,
 & couertoreȝ ful curious, with comlych paneȝ,
 856 Of bryȝt blaunnier a-boue enbrawdred bisydeȝ,
 Rudeleȝ rennande on ropeȝ, red golde ryngȝ,
 Tapyteȝ tyȝt to þe woȝe, of tuly & tars,

Gawayne looks
on his host;
a big bold one he
seemed.

Beaver-hued was
his broad beard,

and his face as
"fell as the fire."

[Fol. 102b.]
The lord leads
Gawayne to a
chamber, and as-
signs him a page
to wait upon him.

In this bright
bower was noble
bedding;

the curtains were
of pure silk with
golden hems;

Tarsie tapestries
covered the walls
and the floor.

¹ eldee, MS.

² clesly, MS.

- Here the knight
doffed his arm-
our,
and put on rich
robes,
which well be-
came him.
A more comely
knight Christ
never made.
- & vnder fete, on þe flet, of folzande sute.
860 þer he watȝ dispoyled, wyth spechez of myerþe,
þe burn of his bruny, & of his bryȝt wedez;
Ryche robes ful rad renkkez hem¹ broȝten,
For to charge, & to chaunge, & chose of þe best.
864 Sone as he on hent, & happed þer-inne,
þat sete on hym² semly, wyth saylande skyrteȝ,
þe ver by his uisage verayly hit semed
Wel neȝ to vche hapel alle on hwes,
868 Lowande & luffy, alle his lymmeȝ vnder,
þat a comloker knyȝt neuer Kryst made,
hem þoȝt;
Wheþen in worlde he were,
872 Hit semed as he myȝt
Be prynce with-uten pere,
In felde þer felle men fyȝt.

XVI.

- A chair is placed
for Sir Gawayne
before the fire-
place.
A mantle of fine
linen, richly em-
broidered, is
thrown over him.
A table is soon
raised,
and the knight,
having washed,
proceeded to
meat.
[Fol. 103.]
He is served with
numerous dishes;
- A cheyer by-fore þe chemné, þer charcole brenned,
876 Watȝ grayped for sir Gawan, graypely with cloþez,
Whyssynes vpon queldepyntes, þa[t] koynt wer
boþe;
& þenne a mere mantyle watȝ on þat mon cast,
Of a broun bleeaunt, enbrauded ful ryche,
880 & fayre furred wyth-inne with felleȝ of þe best,
Alle of ermyn enurnde,³ his hode of þe same;
& he sete in þat settel semlych ryche,
& achaufed hym chefly,⁴ & þenne his cher mended.
884 Sone watȝ telded vp a tabil,⁵ on tresteȝ ful fayre,
Clad wyth a clene cloþe, þat cler quyt schewed,
Sanap, & salure, & syluer-in sponeȝ;
þe wyȝe wesche at his wylle, & went to his meta.
888 Seggez hym serued semly in-noȝe,
Wyth sere sewes & sete, sesounde of þe best,

¹ hym (?).² MS. celly.³ MS. hyn.⁴ MS. tapit.⁵ MS. in erde

- Double felde, as hit fallez, & fele kyn fischez ;
 Summe baken in bred, summe brad on þe gledez,
 892 Summe soþen, summe in sewe, sauered with spyces,
 & ay sawes so slezeþ, þat þe segge lyked.
 þe freke calde hit a fest ful frely & ofte, [at oneþ
 Ful hendely, quen alle þe hapeles re-hayted hym
 896 as hende ;
 " þis penaunce now 3e take,
 & eft hit schal amende ;"
 þat mon much merþe con make,
 900 For wyn in his hed þat wende.
- with fish baked
and broiled,
or boiled and sea-
soned with spices.
- He calls it a full
noble feast,
- and much mirth
he makes, for the
wine is in his
head.

XVII.

- (19)
 [þenne wat3 spyed & spured, vpon spare wyse,
 Bi prene poynteþ of þat prynce, put to hym-seluen,
 þat he be-knew cortaysly of þe court þat he were,
 904 þat aþel Arthure þe hende haldez hym one,
 þat is. þe ryche ryal kyng of þe rounde table ;
 & hit wat3 Wawen hym-self þat in þat won sytteþ,
 Comen to þat krystmasse, as case hym þen lympeþ.]
 908 When þe lorde hade lerned þat he þe leude hade,
 Loude lazed he þerat, so lef hit hym þoþt,
 & alle þe men in þat mote maden much joye,
 To apere in his presense prestly þat tyme,
 912 þat alle prys, & prowes, & pured þewes
 Apendes to hys persoun, & praysed is euer,
 By-fore alle men vpon molde, his mensk is þe most.
 Vch segge ful softly sayde to his fere,
 916 " Now schal we semlych se slezteþ of þeweþ,
 & þe teccheles termes of talkyng noble,
 Wich spede is in speche, vnspurd may we lerne,
 Syn we haf fonged þat fyne fader of nurture ;
 920 God hat3 geuen *us* his grace godly for soþe,
 þat such a gest as Gawan graunteþ *us* to haue,
- Sir Gawayne, in
answer to ques-
tions put to him,
- tells the prince
that he is of
Arthur's court.
- When this was
made known,
- great was the joy
in the hall.
- Each one said
softly to his mate,
" Now we shall
see courteous
manners and hear
noble speech,
- for we have
amongst us the
father of nur-
ture."

When burnez blype of his burpe schal sitte
& synge.

- 924 In menyng of manerez mere,
his burne now schal *vus* bryng,
I hope þat may hym here,
Schal lerne of luf-talkyng."

[Fol. 103b.]

He that may him
hear shall learn of
love-talking."

XVIII

After dinner the
company go to
the Chapel,

to hear the even-
song of the great
season.

The lord of the
castle and Sir
Gawayne sit to-
gether during
service.

His wife, accom-
panied by her
maids, leaves her
seat.

She appeared
even fairer than
Guenever.

An older lady (an
ancient one she
seemed) led her
by the hand.

Very unlike were
these two.
If the young one
was fair the other
was yellow,

and had rough
and wrinkled
cheeks.

The younger had
breast and throat

- 928 Bi þat þe diner wat3 done, & þe dere vp,
Hit wat3 ne3 at þe niy3t ne3ed þe tyme ;
Chaplaynez¹ to þe chapeles chosen þe gate,
Rungen ful rychely, ry3t as þay schulden,
932 To þe hersum euensong of þe hy3e tyde.
þe lorde loutes þerto, & þe lady als,
In-to a comly closet coyntly ho entre3 ;
Gawan glyde3 ful gay, & gos þeder sone ;
936 þe lorde laches hym by þe lappe, & lede3 hym tosytte,
& couply hym knowe3, & calle3 hym his nome,
& sayde he wat3 þe welcomest wy3e of þe worlde ;
& he hym þonkked proly, & ayþer halched oþer,
940 & seten soberly samen þe seruise-quyle ;
þenne lyst þe lady to loke on þe kny3t.
þenne com ho of hir closet, with mony cler burde3,
Ho wat3 þe fayrest in felle, of flesche & of lyre,
944 & of compas, & colour, & costes of alle oþer,
& wener þen Wenore, as þe wy3e þo3t.
He ches þur3 þe chaunsel, to cheryche þat hende ;
An oþer lady hir lad bi þe lyft honde,
948 þat wat3 alder þen ho, an auncian hit semed,
& he3ly honowred with hapelez aboute.
Bot vn-lyke on to loke þo ladyes were,
For if þe 3onge wat3 3ep, 3ol3e wat3 þat oþer ;
952 Riche red on þat on rayled ay-quere,
Rugh ronkled cheke3 þat oþer on rolled ;
Kerchofes of þat on wyth mony cler perle3
Hir brest & hir bry3t þrote bare displayed,

¹ MS. [claplaynez.]

- 956 Schon schyrer þen snawe, þat schedes¹ on hillez ;
 þat oþer wyth a gorg^{er} wat3 gered ouer þe swyre,
 Chymbled ouer hir blake chyn with mylk-quyte
 Hirfrountfolden in sylk, enfouled ay quere, [vayles,
 960 Toret & treited with tryfle3 aboute,
 þat no3t wat3 bare of þat burde bot þe blake brozes,
 þe tweyne y3en, & þe nase, þe naked lyppez,
 & þose were soure to se, & sellyly blered ;
 964 A mensk lady on molde mon may hir calle,
 for gode ;
 Hir body wat3 schort & pik,
 Hir buttoke3 bay & brode,
 968 More lykker-wys on to lyk,
 Wat3 þat scho hade on lode.

"bare display-
ed."

The ancient one
exposed only her
"black brows,"
her two eyes,
[Fol. 104.]
nose, and naked
lips, all sour and
bleared.

Her body was
short and thick ;
her buttocks
broad and round.

XIX.

- When Gawayn glyzt on þat gay, þat graciously
 loked,
 Wyth leue la3t of þe lorde he went hem azaynes ;
 972 þe alder he haylses, heldande ful lowe,
 þe loueloker he lappez a lyttel in arme3,
 He kysses hir comlyly, & kny3tly he mele3 ;
 þay kallen hym of a-quoyntaunce, & he hit quyk
 976 To be her seruau^{nt} sothly, if hem-self lyked. [aske3
 þaytan hym bytwene hem, wyth talkyng hym leden
 To chambre, to chemné, & chefly þay asken
 Spyce3, þat vn-sparely men speded-hom to bryng,
 980 & þe wynne-lych wyne þer-with vche tyme.
 þe lorde luflych aloft lepez ful ofte,
 Mynned merthe to be made vpon mony sy3e3.
 Hent he3ly of his hode, & on a spere henged,
 984 & wayned hom to wynne þe worchip þer-of,
 þat most myrþe my3t meue þat crystenmas whyle ;
 " & I schalfonde, bi my fayth, to fylter wyth þe best,
 Er me wont þe wede,² with help of my frende3."

With permission
of the lord,

Sir Gawayne sa-
lutes the elder,

but the younger
he kisses,

and begs to be
her servant.

To chamber all
go,
where spices and
wine are served.

The lord takes off
his hood and
places it on a
spear.

He who makes
most mirth is to
win it.

¹ MS. scheduler.

² MS. wede3.

Night approach-
es and then

988 þus wyth lazande loteþ þe lorde hit tayt makeþ,
For to glade *sir* Gawayn with gomneþ in halle
þat nyȝt ;

Sir Gawayne
takes his leave
and retires to
rest.

Til þat hit watȝ tyme,
992 þe [lord]¹ comaundet lyȝt,
Sir Gawen his leue con nyme,
& to his bed hym diȝt.

XX.

On Christmas
morn,
joy reigns in
every dwelling in
the world.

So did it in the
castle where our
knight abode.
[Fol. 104b.]

The lord and "the
old ancient wife"
sit together.

Gawayne sits by
the wife of his
host.

It were too ted-
ious to tell of the
meat, the mirth,
and the joy that
abounded every-
where.

Gawayne and his
beautiful com-
panion derive
much comfort
from each other's
conversation.

Trumpets and
nakers give forth
their sounds.

On þe morne, as vch mon mynez þat tyme,
996 [þ]at dryȝtyn for oure destyné to deȝe watȝ borne,
Wele waxeþ in vche a won in worlde, for his sake ;
So did hit þere on þat day, þurȝ dayntes mony ;
Boþe at mes & at mele, messes ful quaynt
1000 Derf men vpon dece drest of þe best.
þe olde auncian wyf heȝest ho sytteȝ ;
þe lorde luffy her by lent, as I trowe ;
Gawan & þe gay burde to-geder pay seten,
1004 Euen in-myddes, as þe messe metely come ;
& syþen þurȝ al þe sale, as hem best semed,
Bi vche grome at his degre *gray*þely watȝ serued.
þer watȝ mete, þer watȝ myrþe, þer watȝ much ioȝe,
1008 þat for to telle þerof hit me tene were,
& to paynte hit ȝet I pyned me *para*uenture ;
[Bot ȝet I wot þat Wawen & þe wale burde
Such comfort of her compaynye caȝten to-geder,
1012 þurȝ þe² dere dalyaunce of her derne wordeȝ,
Wyth clene cortays carp, closed fro fylþe ;
& hor play watȝ passande vche prynce gomen,
in vayres ;
1016 Trumpeȝ & nakerys,
Much pypyng þer repayres,
Vche mon tented hys,
& pay two tented payres.]

¹ MS. kyng.

² MS. her.

XXI.

- 1020 Much dut wat3 þer dryuen þat day & þat oþer,
 & þe þryd as þro þronge in þerafter ;
 þe ioie of sayn Ione3 day wat3 gentyle to here,
 & wat3 þe last of þe layk, leude3 þer þo3ten.
- 1024 þer wer gestes to go vpon þe gray morne,
 For-þy wonderly þay woke, & þe wyn dronken,
 Daunsed ful drezly wyth dere carole3 ;
 At þe last, when hit wat3 late, þay lachen her leue,
- 1028 Vchon to wende on his way, þat wat3 wy3e stronge.
 Gawan gef hym god-day, þe god mon hym lachche3,
 Ledes hym to his awen chambre, þ[e] hymné bysyde,
 & þere he dra3e3 hym on-dry3e, & derely hym þonk-
- 1032 Of þe wyne worschip¹ he hym wayned hade, [ke3,
 As to honour his hous on þat hy3e tyde,
 & enbelyse his bur3 with his bele chere.
 "I-wysse *sir*, quyl I leue, me worþe3 þe better,
- 1036 þat Gawayn hat3 ben mygest, at Godde3 awen fest." [Fol. 105.]
 "Grant merci² *sir*," quod Gawayn, "in god fayth
 hit is yowre3,
 Al þe honour is *your* awen, þe he3e kyng yow zelde ;
 & I am wy3e at *your* wyll, to worch *your* hest,
- 1040 As I am halden þer-to, in hy3e & in lo3e,
 bi ri3t."
 þe lorde fast can hym payne,
 To holde lenger þe kny3t,
- 1044 To hym answe3 Gawayn,
 Bi non way þat he my3t.

Great was the joy
for three days.

St. John's-day
was the last of the
Christmas festi-
val.

On the morrow
many of the
guests took their
departure from
the castle.

Sir Gawayne is
thanked by his
host for the hon-
our and pleasure
of his visit.

He endeavours to
keep the knight
at his court.

XXII.

- Then frayned þe freke ful fayre at him-seluen,
 Quatderne dede had hym dryuen, at þat dere tyme,
- 1048 So kenly fro þe kynge3 kourt to kayre al his one,
 Er þe halidaye3 holly were halet out of toun ?

He desires to
know what had
driven Sir Ga-
wayne from Ar-
thur's court be-
fore the end of
the Christmas
holidays.

¹ MS. &.² MS. merci.

The knight replies that "a high errand and a hasty one" had forced him to leave the court.

"For soþe sir," *quod* þe segge, "ʒe sayn bot þe trawþe,

A heʒe ernde & a hasty me hade fro þo woneʒ,

1052 For I am sumned my selfe to sech to a place,
I wot¹ in worlde wheder warde to wende hit to fynde;
I nolde, bot if I hit negh myʒt on nwʒeres morne,
For alle þe londe in-wyth Logres, so me oure lorde

He asks his host whether he has ever heard of the Green Chapel,

1056 For-þy, sir, þis enquest I require yow here, [help !
þat ʒe me telle with trawþe, if euer ʒe tale herde
Of þe grene chapel, quere hit on grounde stondeʒ,
& of þe knyʒt þat hit kepes, of colour of grene ?

for he has to be there on New Year's-day.

1060 þer watʒ stabled bi statut a steuen *vus* by-twene,
To mete þat mon at þat mere, ʒif I myʒt last ;
& of þat ilk nwʒere bot naked now wonteʒ,
& I wolde loke on þat lede, if God me let wolde,

He would as lief die as fail in his errand.

1064 Gladloker, bi Goddeʒ sun, þen any god welde !
For-þi, I-wysse, bi ʒowre wylle, wende me bi-houes,
Naf I now to busy bot bare þre dayeʒ,
& me als fayn to falle feye as fayl of myyn ernde."

The prince tells Sir Gawayne that he will teach him the way.

1068 þennelazande *quod* þe lorde, "new tene þe by-houes,
For I schal teche yow to þa[t] terme bi þe tymeʒ ende,
þe grene chapayle vpon grounde greue yow no more ;
Bot ʒe schal be in yowre bed, burne, at þyn ese,

[Fol. 105b.]

1072 Quyle forth dayeʒ, & ferk on þe fyrst of þe ʒere,
& cum to þat merk at mydmorn, to make quat
in spenne ; [yow likeʒ

The Green Chapel is not more than two miles from the castle.

1076 Dowelleʒ whyle new ʒeres daye,
& rys, & raykeʒ þenne,
Mon schal yow sette in waye,
Hit is not two myle henne."]

XXIII.

Then was Gawayne glad,

þenne watʒ Gawan ful glad, & gomenly he lazed,—
1080 "Now I þonk yow þryuandely þurʒ alle oþer þynge,
Now acheued is my chaunce, I schal at your wylle
Dowelle, & olleʒ do quat ʒe demen."

and consents to tarry awhile at the castle.

¹ *Sic MS.*; read I né wot.

- penne sesed hym þe syre, & set hym bysyde,
 1084 Let þe ladies be fette, to lyke hem þe better ;
 þer watȝ seme solace by hem-self stille ;
 þe lorde let for luf loteȝ so myry,
 As wyȝ þat wolde of his wyte, ne wyst quat he myȝt.
 1088 þenne he carped to þe knyȝt, criande loude,
 "ȝe han demed to do þe dede þat I bidde ;
 Wyl ȝe halde þis hes here at þys oneȝ ?"
 "ȝe sir, for-soþe," sayd þe segge trwe,
 1092 "Whyl I byde in yowre borȝe, be bayn to ȝow[r]e
 hest."
 "For ȝe haf trauayled," quod þe tulk, "townen fro
 ferre,
 & syȝen waked me wyth, ȝe arn not wel waryst,
 Nauȝer of sostnauce ne of slepe, soþly I knowe ;
 1096 ȝe schal lenge in your lofte, & lyȝe in your ese,
 To morn quyle þe messe-quyle, & to mete wende,
 Whenȝe wyl, wyth my wyf, þat wyth yowschalsitte,
 & comfort yow with compayny, til I to cort torne,
 1100 ȝe lende ;
 & I schal erly ryse,
 On huntyng wyl I wende."
 Gauayn granteȝ alle þyse,
 1104 Hym heldande, as þe hende.

The ladies are
brought in to
solace him.

The lord of the
castle asks the
knight to grant
him one request ;

That he will stay
in his chamber
during mass
time,
and then go to
meat with his
hostess.

Gawayne accedes
to his request.

XXIV.

- [22] "ȝet firre," quod þe freke, "a forwarde we make ;
 Quat-so-euer I wyne in þe wod, hit worþeȝ to youreȝ,
 & quat chek so ȝe acheue, chaunge me þer-forne ;
 1108 Swete, swap we so, sware with trawþe,
 Queȝer, leude, so lymp lere oþer better."
 "Bi God," quod Gawayn þegode, "I grant þer-tylle,
 & þat yow lyst forto layke, lef hit me þynkes. [Fol. 106.]
 1112 "Who bryngeȝ vus þe¹ beuerage, þis bargayn is
 maked :"

"Whatsoever,"
says the host, "I
win in the wood
shall be yours,
and what check
you achieve shall
be mine."

A bargain is made
between them.

So sayde þe lorde of þat lede ; þay laȝed vchone,

¹ MS. þis.

- pay dronken, & daylyeden, & dalten vntyztel,
 pise lordez & ladyez, quyle þat hem lyked ;
 1116 & syþen with frenkysch fare & fele fayre lotez
 pay stoden, & stemed, & styilly speken,
 Kysten ful comlyly, & kaȝten her leue.
 With mony leude ful lyzt, & lemande torches,
 1120 Vche burne to his bed watȝ broȝt at þe laste,
 ful softe ;
 To bed ȝet er þay ȝede,
 Recorded couenaunteȝ ofte ;
 1124 þe olde lorde of þat lede,¹
 Cowþe wel halde layk a-lofte.

Night approaches
 and each "to his
 bed was brought
 at the last."

[FYTTE THE THIRD.]

I.

Before day-break
 folks uprise,

saddle their
 horses, and truss
 their mails.

Each goes where
 it pleases him
 best.
 The noble lord
 of the land ar-
 rays himself for
 riding.
 He eats a sop
 hastily and goes
 to mass.

Before day-light
 he and his men
 are on their
 horses.

Then the hounds
 are called out and
 coupled.

Three short notes
 are blown by the
 bugles.

- Ful erly bifore þe day þe folk vp-rysen,
 Gestes þat go wolde, hor gromeȝ þay calden,
 1128 & þay busken vp bilyue, blonkkeȝ to sadel,
 Tyffen he[r] takles, trussen her males,
 Richen hem þe rychest, to ryde alle arayde,
 Lepen vp lyȝtly, lachen her brydeles,
 1132 Vche wyȝe on his way, þer hym wel lyked.
 þe leue lorde of þe londe watȝ not þe last,
 A-rayed for þe rydyng, with renkkeȝ ful mony ;
 Ete a sop hastily, when he hade herde masse,
 1136 With bugle to bent-felde he buskeȝ by-lyue ;
 By þat þat any day-lyȝt lemed vpon erþe,
 He with his hapeles on hyȝe horsseȝ weren.
 þenne pise cacheres þat coupe, cowpled hor
 houndeȝ,
 1140 Vnclosed þe kenel dore, & calde hem þer-oute,
 Blwe bygly in bugleȝ þre bare notes² ;
 Braches bayed þerfore, & breme noyse maked,

¹ MS. leude.² MS. mote.

	& þay chastysed, & charred, on chasyng þat went ;	A hundred hunters join in the chase.
1144	A hundreth of hunteres, as I haf herde telle, of þe best ; To trystors vewters 3od, Couples huntres of kest,	To the stations the "fewters" go.
1148	þer ros for blasteȝ gode, Gret rurd in þat forest.	[Fol. 106b.] and the dogs are

II.

At þe fyrst quethe of þe quest quaked þe wyldre ;
Der drof in þe dale, doted for drede,
1152 Hized to þe hyze, bot heterly þay were
Restayed with þe stablye, þat stoutly ascryed ;
þay let þe herttez haf þe gate, with þe hyze hedes,
þe breme bukkez also, with hor brode paumez ;
1156 For þe fre lorde hade de-fende in fermysoun tyme,
þat þer schulde no mon meue to þe male dere.
þe hindez were halden in, with hay & war,
þe does dryuen with gret dyn to þe depe sladez ;
1160 þer myzt mon se, as þay slypte, slentyng of arwes,
At vche wende vnder wande wapped a fione,
þat bigly bote on þe broun, with ful brode hede3,
What ! þay brayen, & bleden, bi bonkkez þay de3en.
1164 & ay rachches in a res radly hem folzes,
Huntere3 wyth hyze horne hasted hem after,
Wythsucha crakkandekry, asklyffes haden brusten ;
What wyldre so at-waped wyzes þat schotten,
1168 Wat3 al to-raced & rent, at þe resayt.
Bi þay were tened at þe hyze, & taysed to þe wattrez,
þe ledez were so lerned at þe loze trysteres,
& þe gre-houndez so grete, þat geten hem bylyue,
1172 & hem to-fylched, as fast as frekez myzt loka,
þer ryzt.
þe lorde for blys abloy
Ful oft con launce & lyzt,

which lasted till
the approach of
night. 1176 & drof þat day wyth Ioy,
Thus to þe derk nyȝt.

III.

All this time Ga-
wayne lies a-bed,
under "coverture
full clear." 1180 þus laykeȝ þis lorde by lynde-wodeȝ eueȝ,
& G. þe god mon, in gay bed lygeȝ,
Vnder cduertour ful clere, cortyned aboute;
& as in slomeryng he slode, sleȝly he herde
He hears a noise
at his door. A littel dyn at his dor, & derfly vpon;
[Fol. 107.] 1184 & he heueȝ vp his hed out of þe cloþes,
A corner of þe cortyn he caȝt vp a lyttel,
& waiteȝ warly þider-warde, quat hit be myȝt.
A lady, the love-
liest to behold,
enters softly. 1188 Hit watȝ þe ladi, loflyest to be-holde,
þat droȝ þe dor after hir ful dernly & styлле,
She approaches
the bed. & boȝed to-warde þe bed; & þe burne schamed,
& layde hym doun lystly, & let as he slepte.
Gawayne pre-
tends to be asleep.
The lady casts up
the curtain and
sits on the bed-
side. 1192 & ho stepped stilly, & stel to his bedde,
Kest vp þe cortyn, & creped with-inne,
& set hir ful softly on þe bed-syde,
& lenged þere sellylonge, to loke quen he wakened
þe lede lay lurked a ful longe quyle,
Gawayne has
much wonder
thereat. 1196 Compast in his concience to quat þat cace myȝt
Meue oper amount, to meruayle hym þoȝt;
Bot ȝet hesayde in hym-self, "more semly hit were
To aspyewyth myspelle [in] space quat ho wolde."
He rouses himself
up,
unlocks his eyes,
and looks as if he
were astonished. 1200 þen he wakenede, & wroth, & to hir warde torned,
& vn-louked his yȝe-lyddeȝ, & let as hym wondered,
& sayned hym, as bi his saȝe þe sauer to worthe,
with hande;
1204 Wyth chynne & cheke ful swete,
Boþe quit & red in-blande,
Ful lufly con ho lete,
Wyth lyppeȝ smal laȝanda.

IV.

- 1208 "God moroun, *sir* Gawayn," sayde þat fayr lady, "Good morrow,"
 "3e ar a sleper vn-slyze, þat mon may slyde hider; says the lady, "ye
 Now ar 3e tan astyt, bot true *vus* may schape, are a careless
 I schal bynde yow in *your* bedde, þat be 3e trayst:" sleeper to let one
 1212 Al lazande þe lady lanced þo bourde3. enter thus.
 "Goud moroun g[aye]."¹ *quod* Gawayn þe blype, I shall bind you
 "Me schal worþe at *your* wille, & þat me wel lyke3, in your bed, of
 For I 3elde me 3ederly, & 3e3e after grace, that be ye sure."
 1216 & þat is þe best, be my dome, forme by-houe3 nede; "Good morrow,"
 & þus he bourded a-3ayn *with* mony a blype la3ter. says the knight,
 "Bot wolde 3e, lady louely, þen leue me grante, "I am well
 & de-prece *your* prysoun, & pray hym to ryse, pleased to be at
 1220 I wolde bo3e of þis bed, & busk me better, your service;
 I schulde keuer þe more comfort to karp yow wyth." but permit me to
 "Nay, for soþe, beau *sir*," sayd þat swete, rise and dress
 "3e schal not rise of *your* bedde, I ryeh yow better, myself."
 1224 I schal happe yow here þat oþer half als, [Fol. 107b.]
 & syþen karp wyth my kny3t þat I ka3t haue; "Nay, beau *sir*,"
 For I wene wel, Iwysse, *sir* Wawen 3e are, said that sweet
 þat alle þe worlde worchipe3, quere-so 3e ride, one,
 1228 Your honour, your *hendelayk* is hendely praysed "I shall hold
With lorde3, wyth ladyes, *with* alle þat lyf bere. talk with you
 & now 3e ar here, iwysse, & we bot oure one; here.
 My lorde & his lede3 ar on lenþe faren, I know well that
 1232 Oþer burne3 in her bedde, & my burde3 als, you are Gawayne
 þe dor drawen, & dit *with* a derf haspe; that all the world
 & syþen I haue in þis hous hym þat al lyke3, worships.
 I schal ware my whyle wel, quyl hit laste3,
 1236 *with* tale; We are by our-
 3e ar welcum to my cors, selves;
 Yowre awen won to wale, My lord and his
 Me be-houe3 of fyne force, men are far off.
 1240 Your seruauant be & schale." Other men are in
 I shall be your their beds, so are
 servant. my maidens.
 Since I have him The door is safe, y
 every one likes, I closed.
 I shall use my time Since I have him
 well while it lasts. in house that
 every one likes, I
 shall use my time
 well while it lasts.

¹ This word is illegible in the MS.

V.

"I am unworthy,"
says Sir Gawayne,
"to reach to such
reverence as ye
rehearse."

I shall be glad,
however, to
please you by
word or service."

"There are lad-
ies," says his
visitor, "who
would prefer thy
company"

to much of the
gold that they
possess."

The knight an-
swers the lady's
questions.

"In god fayth," *quod* Gawayn, "gayn hit me þynk-
þaȝ I be not now he þat ȝe of speken ; [keȝ,
To reche to such reuerence as ȝe rehierce here

1244 I am wyȝe vn-worþy, I wot wel my-seluen ;
Bi God, I were glad, & yow god þoȝt,
At saȝe oþer at seruyce þat I sette myȝt
To þe plesaunce of your prys, hit were a pure ioye."

1248 "In god fayth, *sir* Gawayn," *quod* þe gay lady,
"þe prys & þe prowes þat plesez al oþer,
If I hit lakked, oþer set atlyȝt, hit were littel daynté ;
Bot hit ar ladyes in-noȝe, þat leuer wer now þe

1252 Haf þe hende in hor holde, as I þe habbe here,
To daly with derely your daynté wordeȝ,
Keuer hem comfort, & colen her careȝ,
þen much of þe garysoun oþer golde þat I þayhauen ;

1256 Bot I loue² þat ilk lorde þat þe lyfte haldeȝ,
I haf hit holly in my honde þat al desyres,
þurȝe grace."

Scho made hym so gret chere,
þat watȝ so fayr of face,
þe knyȝt with speches skere,
A[n]swared to vche a cace.

[Fol. 108.] 1260

VI.

Gawayne tells
her that he pre-
fers her conversa-
tion before that
of all others.

The lady declares
by Mary,

that were she
about to choose
her a lord,

"Madame," *quod* þe myry mon, "Mary yow zelde,
1264 For I haf founden, in god fayth, yowre fraunchis no-
& oþer ful much of oþer folk fongen hordedeȝ, [bele ;
Bot þe daynté þat þay delen for my disert nysen ;
Hit is þe worthyp of your-self, þat noȝt bot wel
conneȝ."

1268 "Bi Mary," *quod* þe menskful, "me þynk hit an oþer ;
For were I worth al þe wone of wymmen alyue,
& al þe wele of þe worlde were in my honde,
& I schulde chepen & chose, to cheue me a lorde,

¹ MS. þat þat.

² MS. doubtful ; but probably this is the correct reading.

- 1272 For þe costes þat I haf knowen vpon þe knyȝt here,
Of bewté, & debonerté, & blyþe semblaunt,
& þat I haf er herkkened, & halde hit here trwee, she would select
Gawayne before
any man on earth.
þer schulde no freke vpon folde bifore yow be
chosen."
- 1276 "I-wysse, worpy," quod þe wyȝe, "ȝe haf waled
wel better,
Bot I am proude of þe prys þat ȝe put on me,
& soberly your seruau^t my souerayn I holde yow,
& yowre knyȝt I be-com, & Kryst yow for-ȝelde." Gawayne tells
her that he will
become her own
knight and faith-
ful servant.
- 1280 þus þay meled of much-quat, til myd-morn paste,
& ay þe lady let lyk, a hym loued mych ;
þe freke ferde *with* defence, & feted ful fayre. The remembrance
of his adventure
prevents him
from thinking of
ave.
"þaȝ I were burde bryȝtest," þe burde in mynde
hade,
- 1284 "þe lasse luf in his lode, for lur þat he soȝt,
boute hone ;
þe dunte þat schulde¹ hym deue,
& nedeȝ hit most be done."
- 1288 þe lady þenn spek of leue, The lady takes
leave of Sir Ga-
wayne.
He granted hir ful sone.

VII.

- þenne ho gef hym god-day, & wyth a glent laȝed,
& as ho stod, ho stonyed hym wyth ful storwordeȝ ; With a laughing
glance, she says,
- 1292 "Now he þat spedȝ vche spech, þis disport ȝelde,
Bot þat ȝe be Gawan, hit gotȝ in mynde." [yow!
"Quer-for?" quod þe freke, & freschly he askeȝ,
Ferde lest he hade fayled in fourme of his castes ; "I am doubtful
whether ye be
Gawayne.
- 1296 Bot þe burde hym blessed, & bi þis skyl sayde,
[Fol. 108.] Were it he, sure-
ly, ere this, he
would have craved
a kisse."
"So god as Gawayn gaynly is halden,
& cortaysye is closed so clene in hym-seluen,
Couth not lyȝtly haf lenged so long wyth a lady,
- 1300 Bot he had craued a cosse, bi his courtaysye,
Bi sum towch of summe tryfle, at sum taleȝ ende."
þen quod Wowen, "I-wysse, worþe as yow lykeȝ, "I shall kisse,"
says the knight,

¹ MS. schulde.

"at your com-
mandment."

I schal kysse at *your* comaundement, as a knyȝt
falleȝ,

With that the
lady catches him
in her arms and
kisses him.

1304 & first lest he displese yow, so¹ plede hit no more."

Ho comes nerre *with* þat, & cacheȝ hym in armeȝ,
Louteȝ lufflych adoun, & þe leude kysseȝ; J
þay comly bykennen to Kryst ayȝer oȝer ;

Gawayne then
rises and goes to
masse.

1308 Ho dos hir forth at þe dore, *with*-outen dyn more.
& he ryches hym to ryse, & rapes hym sone,
Clepes to his chamberlayn, choses his wede,
Boȝeȝ forth, quen he watȝ boun, blyȝely to masse,

He makes mirth
all day till the
moon rises,

1312 & þenne he meued to his mete, þat menskly hym
& made myry al day til þe mone rysed, [keped,
with game ;

between the "two
dames," the older
and the younger.

1316 Watȝ² neuer freke fayrer fonge,
Bitwene two so dyngne dame,
þe alder & þe ȝonge,
Much solace set þay same.

VIII.

Meanwhile the
lord of the land
and his men hunt
in woods and
heathes.

And ay þe lorde of þe londe is lent on his gamneȝ,
1320 To hunt in holteȝ & heȝe, at hyndeȝ barayne,
Such a sowme he þer slowe bi þat þe sunne heldet,
Of dos & of oȝer dere, to deme were wonder.
þenne fersly þay flokked in folk at þe laste,

Quickly of the
killed a "quarry"
they make.

1324 & quykly of þe quelled dere a querré þay maked ;
þe best boȝed þerto, *with* burneȝ in-noghe,
Gedered þe grattest of gres þat þer were,
& didden hem derely vndo, as þe dede askeȝ ;

Then they set
about breaking
the deer.

They take away
the assay or fat,

1328 Serched hem at þe asay summe þat þer were,
Two fyngeres þay fonde of þe fowlest of alle ;
Syȝen þay slyt þe slot, sased þe *erber*,
Schaued wyth a scharp knyf, & þe schyre knitten ;

then they slit the
slot and remove
the *erber*.
They afterwards
rip the four limbs
and rend off the
hide.
They next open
the belly and take
out the bowels.
[Fol. 109.]

1332 Syȝen rytte þay þe foure lymmes, & rent of þe hyde,
þen brek þay þe bale, þe baleȝ out token,
Lystily forlancyng, & bere of þe knot ;

¹ MS. fo.

² MS. With.

- pay gryped to þe gargulun, & grayþely departed
 1336 þe wesaunt fro þe wynt-hole, & walt out þe guttez ;
 þen scher þay out þe schulderez with her scharp
 knyueþ,
 Haled hem by a lyttel hole, to haue hole sydes ;
 Siþen britned þay þe brest, & brayden hit in twynne,
 1340 & eft at þe gargulun bigyneþ on þenne,
 Ryueþ hit vp radly, ryzt to þe byzt,
 Voydeþ out þe a-vanters, & verayly þerafter
 Alle þe rymeþ by þe rybbeþ radly þay lance ;
 1344 So ryde þay of by resoun bi þe rygge boneþ,
 Euenden to þe haunche, þat hinged alle samen,
 & heuen hit vp al hole, & hwen hit of þere,
 & þat þay neme for þe noumbles, bi nome as I trowe,
 1348 bi kynde ;
 Bi þe byzt al of þe þyþes,
 þe lappeþ þay lance bi-hynde,
 To hewe hit in two þay hyþes,
 1352 Bi þe bak-bon to vnbynde.

They then separate the weasand from the wind-hole and throw out the guts.

The-shoulders are cut out, and the breast divided into halves.

The nymbles are next removed.

By the fork of the thighs,

the flaps are hewn in two by the backbone.

IX.

- Boþe þe hede & þe hals þay hwen of þenne,
 & syþen sunder þay þe sydeþ swyft fro þe chyne,
 & þe corbeles fee þay kest in a greue ;
 1356 þenn þurled þay ayþer þik side þurþ, bi þe rybbe,
 & hinged þenne a[y]þer bi hoþes of þe fourcheþ,
 Vche freke for his fee, as falleþ forto haue.
 Vpon a felle of þe fayre best, fede þay þayr houndes,
 1360 Wyth þe lyuer & þe lyzteþ, þe leþer of þe pauncheþ,
 & bred baped in blod, blende þer amongeþ ;
 Baldely þay blw prys, bayed þayr rachcheþ,
 Syþen fonge þay her flesche folden to home,
 1364 Strakande ful stoutly mony stif moteþ.
 Bi þat þe daylyzt watþ done, þe douthe watþ al
 wonen

After this the head and neck are cut off, and the sides severed from the chine.

With the liver, lights, and paunches, they feed the hounds.

Then they make for home.

In-to þe comly castel, þer þe knyzt bideþ
ful stille ;

- 1368 Wyth blis & bryzt fyr bette,
þe lord is comen þer-tylle,
When Gawayn wyth hym mette,
þer wat3 bot wele at wylle.

Gawayne goes
out to meet his
host.

X.

[Fol. 109b.]
The lord com-
mands all his
household to as-
semble,

and the venison
to be brought be-
fore him.

He calls Ga-
wayne,

and asks him
whether he does
not deserve much
praise for his suc-
cess in the chase.

On the knight
expressing him-
self satisfied, he
is told to take the
whole according
to a former agree-
ment between
them.

Gawayne gives
the knight a
comely kiss in
return.

His host desires
to know where
he has gotten
such weal.

- 1372 Thenne comaunded þe lorde in þat sale to samen
alle þe meny,
Boþe þe ladyes on loghe to lyzt with her burdes,
Bi-fore alle þe folk on þe flette, frekeþ he beddeþ
Verayly his venysoun to fech hym byforne ;
1376 & al godly in gomen Gaway[n] he called,
Techeþ hym to þe tayles of ful tayt bestes,
Scheweþ hym þe schyree greceschorne vpon rybbes.
“How payeþ yow þis play? haf I prys wonnen?
1380 Hauē I þryuandely þonk þurþ my craft serued?”
“þe I-wysse,” quod þat oþer wyȝe, “here is wayth
fayrest
þat I seþ þis seuē zere in sesoun of wynter.”
“& al I gif yow, Gawayn,” quod þe gome þenne,
1384 “For by a-corde of couenauēt þe craue hit as your
awen.”
“þis is soth,” quod þe segge, “I say yow þat ilke;
[þat] I haf worthyly [wonnen] þis woneþ¹ wyth-
inne,
I-wysse with as god wylle hit worþeþ to ȝoureþ.”
1388 He hasppeþ his fayre hals his armeþ wyth-inne,
& kysses hym as comlyly as he² couþe awyse :
“Tas yow þere my cheuicaunce, I cheued no more,
I wowche hit saf fynly, þaþ feler hit were.”
1392 “Hit is god,” quod þe god mon, “grant mercy
þerfore, [wolde
Hit may be such, hit is þe better, & þe me breue
Where þe wan þis ilk wele, bi wytte of ȝor³ seluen?”

¹ MS. & I haf worthyly þis woneþ.

² MS. ho

³ MS. hor.

"þat wat; not forward," quod he, "frayst me no
 1396 Forȝehaftan þat yow tydes, trawe ȝenon oþer [more,
 ȝe mowe."]
 þay lazed, & made hem blype,
 Wyth loteȝ þat were to lowe,
 1400 To soper þay ȝede asswyþe,
 Wyth dayntes nwe in-nowe.

As this does not enter into the covenant, he gets no answer to his question.

They then proceed to supper, where were dainties new and enough.

XI.

And syþen by þe chymné in chamber þay seten,
 Wy3e3 þe walle wyn we3ed to hem oft,
 1404 & este in hir bourdyng þay bayþen in þe morn
 To fylle þe same forwarde3 þat þay by-fore maden,
 þatchaunceso bytyde3, horcheuysaunceto chaunge,
 What nwe3 so þay nome, at na3t quen þay metten;
 1408 þay acorded of þe couenaunte3 byfore þe court alle;
 þe beuerage wat3 bro3t forth in bourde at þat tyme;
 þenne þay louelych le3ten leue at þe last,
 Vche burne to his bedde busked bylyue.
 1412 Bi þat þe coke hade crowe¹ & cakled bot pryse,
 þe lorde wat3 lopen of his bedde, [&] þe leude3 vch
 one;
 So þat þe mete & þe masse wat3 metely delyuered,
 þe douthe dressed to þe wod, er any day sprenged,
 1416 to chace;
 He3 *with* hunte & horne3,
 þur3 playne3 þay passe in space,
 Vn-coupled among þo þorne3
 1420 Rache3 þat ran on race.

By the hearth
 they sit.
 Wine is carried
 round.
 Again Sir Ga-
 wayne and his
 host renew their
 agreement.
 [Fol. 110.]
 Then they take
 leave of each
 other and hasten
 to bed.
 Scarce had the
 cock cackled
 thrice when the
 lord was up.
 With his hunters
 and horns they
 pursue the chase.

XII.

1424 **S**one þay calle of a quest in a ker syde, [mynged], The hunters cheer
þe hunt re-hayted þe houndez, þat hit fyrst on the hounds,
Wylde wordez hym warp wyth a wrast noyce;
þe howndez þat hit herde, hastid þider swyþe, which fall to the
scent forty at
once.

¹ MS. crowe3.

- & fellen as fast to þe fuyt, fourty at ones ;
 þenne such a glauerande glam of gedered rachchez
 Rös, þat þe rochere; rungen aboute ;
- 1428 *All come to-
gether by the
side of a cliff.* Huntet; hem hardened with horne & wyth muthe.
 þen al in a semblé sweyed to-geder,
 Bitwene a flosche in þat fryth, & a foo cragge ;
 In a knot, bi a clyffe, at þe kerre syde,
- 1432 *They look about
on all sides,* þer as þe rogh rocher vn-rydely wat; fallen,
 [þay] ferden to þe fyndyng, & frekez hem after ;
 þay vmbe-kesten þe knarre & þe knot boþe,
 Wyze; whyl þay wysten wel wyt inne hem hit were,
- 1436 *and beat on the
bushes.* þe best þat þer breued wat; wyth þe blod houndez.
 þenne þay beten on þe buskez, & bede hym vp ryse,
 & he vnsoundyly out so; seggez ouer-þwert,
 On þe sellokest swyn swenged out þere,
- Out there rushes
a fierce wild boar.* 1440 Long sythen fro¹ þe sounder þat wi; for-olde,
 For he wat; b[este baleful &]² bor alþer gratest,
 [And eue]re quen he gronyed, þenne greued mony,
 For [þre a]t þe fyrst þrast he þryzt to þe erþe,
- At the first thrust
he fells three 's
the ground.* 1444 & [sped hym] forth good sped, boutte spyt more,
 [Ande þay] halowed hyghe ful hyze, & hay ! hay !
 Haden hornez to mouþe heterly rechated ; [cryed,
 Mony wat; þe myry mouthe of men & of houndez,
- [Fol. 110b.] 1448 þat buskke; after þis bor, with bost & wyth noyse,
 To quelle ;
 Ful oft he bydez þe baye,
 & maymez þe mute Inn-melle,
 He hurtez of þe houndez, & þay
 Ful þomerly 3aule & zelle.
- However, he at-
tacks the hounds.
causing them to
yowl and yell.*

XIII.

- The bowmen
send their arrows
after this wild
swine,* Schalkez to schote at hym schowen to þenne,
 Haled to hym of her arewez, hitten hym oft ;
- 1456 Bot þe poynte; payred at þe pyth þat pyzt in his schel-
 & þe barbez of his browe bite non wolde, [dez;

¹ MS. for.² MS. b[este &]; illegible; baleful, conjectural.

- þaȝ þe schauen schaft schyndered in peceȝ,
 þe hede hypped aȝayn, were-so-euer hit hitte ;
 1460 Bot quen þe dynteȝ hym dered of her dryȝe strokeȝ,
 þen, brayn-wod for bate, on burneȝ he raseȝ,
 Hurteȝ hem ful heterly þer he forth hyȝeȝ,
 & mony arȝed þerat, & on-lyte droȝen.
 1464 Bot þe lorde on a lyȝt horce launces hym after,
 As burne bolde vpon bent his bugle he bloweȝ,
 He rechated, & r[ode]¹ þurȝ roneȝ ful þyk,
 Suande þis wy[ld]e swyn til þe sunne schifted.²
 1468 [þis] day wyth þis ilk dede þay dryuen on þis wyse,
 Whyle oure luflych lede lys in his bedde,
 Gawayn graypely at home, in gereȝ ful ryche
 of hewe ;
 1472 þe lady noȝt forȝate,
 Com to hym to salue,
 Ful erly ho watȝ hym ate,
 His mode forto remwe.]

but they glide off
 shivered in
 pieces.

Enraged with the
 blows,

he attacks the
 hunters.

The lord of the
 land blows his
 bugle,

and pursues the
 boar.

All this time Ga-
 wayne lies a-bed.

XIV.

- 1476 Ho commes to þe cortyn, & at þe knyȝt totes,
 Sir Wawen her welcumed worþy on fyrst,
 & ho hym ȝeldeȝ aȝayn, ful ȝerne of hir wordeȝ,
 Setteȝ hir sof[t]ly by his syde, & swypely ho laȝeȝ,
 1480 & wyth a luflych loke ho layde hym þyse wordeȝ:
 "Sir, ȝif ȝe be Wawen, wonder me þynkkeȝ,
 Wyȝe þat is so wel wrast alway to god,
 & conneȝ not of compaynye þe costeȝ vnder-take,
 1484 & if mon kennes yow hom to knowe, ȝe kest hom
 of your mynde ;
 þou hatȝ for-ȝeten ȝederly þat ȝisterday I taȝtte
 bi alder-truest token of talk þat I cowþe."
 "What is þat ?" quod þe wyghe, "I-wysse I wot
 neuer,
 1488 If hit be sothe þat ȝe breue, þe blame is myn awen."

The lady of the
 castle again visits
 Sir Gawayne.

Softly she sits by
 his side,

[Fol. 111.]

and tells the
 knight that he
 has forgotten
 what she taught
 him the day be-
 fore.

¹ The MS. is here almost illegible. ² MS. schafted.

"I taught you of kissing," she says, "that becomes every knight."

"Ȝet I kende yow of kyssyng," *quod* þe clere þenne,
"Quere-so countenaunce is couþe, quickly to clayme,
þat bicumes vche a knyȝt, þat cortaysy vses."

Gawayne says that he must not take that which is forbidden.

1492 "Doway," *quod* þat derf mon, "my dere, þat speche,
For þat durst I not do, lest I denayed were, [ed.]
If I were werned, I were wrang I-wysse, ȝif I profer-
"Mafay," *quod* þe mere wyf, "ȝe may not be werned,

He is told that he is strong enough to enforce it.

1506 ȝe ar stif in-noghe to constrayne wyth strenkþe, ȝif
yow lykeȝ,

ȝif any were so vilanous þat yow devaye wolde."

The knight replies that every gift is worthless that is not given willingly.

"Ȝe, be God," *quod* Gawayn, "good is your speche,
Bot þrete is vn-pryuande in þede þer I lende,
1500 & vchegift þat is geuen not with goud wylle; [lykeȝ,
I am at your comaundement, to kysse quen yow
ȝe may lach quen yow lyst, & leue quen yow þynkkeȝ,
in space."

The lady stoops down and kisses him.

1504 þe lady louteȝ a-doun,
& comlyly kysses his face,
Much speche þay þer expoun,
Of druryes greme & grace.

XV.

"I would learn," she says, "why you, who are so young and active,

1508 "I woled wyt at yow, wyȝe," þat worþy þer sayde,
"& yow wrathed not þer-wyth, what were þe skylle,
þat so ȝong & so ȝepe, as ȝe at þis tyme,

so skilled in the true sport of love,

1512 So cortayse, so knyȝtyly, as ȝe ar knowen oute,
& of alle cheualry to chose, þe chef þyng a-losed,
Is þe lel layk of luf, þe lettrure of armes ;

and so renowned a knight,

F[or] to telle of þe¹ teuelyng of þis trwe knyȝteȝ,
Hit is þe tytelet, token, & tyxt of her werkkeȝ,
1516 Howle[des] for her lele luf hor lyueȝ hanauntered,
Endured for her drury dulful stoundeȝ,
& after wenged with her walour & voyded her care,
& broȝt blysse in-to boure, with bountees hor awen.
1520 & ȝe ar knyȝt com-lokest kyd of your elde,

¹ MS. þis.

- Your worde & your worchip walke; ay quere, [Fol. 111b.]
 & I haf seten by your-self here sere twyes,
 3et herde I neuer of your hed helde no worde; have never talked to me of love.
 1524 þat euer longed to luf, lasse ne more ;
 & 3e, þat ar so cortays & coynt of your hetes, You ought to show a young thing like me some token of 'true-love's crafts.'
 Oghe to a 3onke þynk 3ern to schewe,
 & teche sum tokenez of trweluf craftes.
 1528 Why ar 3e lewed, þat alle þe los welde;,
 Oþer elles 3e demen me to dille, your dalyaunce to
 for schame ! [herken ?
 I com hider sengel, & sitte,
 1532 To lerne at yow sum game,
 Dos, teche; me of your wytte,
 Whil my lorde is fro hame." So teach me of your 'wit' while my lord is from home."

XVI.

- "In goud fayþe," quod Gawayn, "God yow for-
 1536 Gret is þe gode gle, & gomen to me huge, [3elde, "It is a great pleasure to me," says Sir Gawayne, "to hear you talk,
 þat so worþy as 3e wolde wynne hidere, [knyzt,
 & pyne yow with so pouer a mon, as play wyth your
 With any-skyrne; countenaunce, hit keuere; me
 ese ;
 1540 Bot to take þe toruayle to my-self, to trwluf expoun, but I cannot undertake the task to expound true-love and tales of arms.
 & towche þe teme; of tyxt, & tale; of arme;,
 To yow þat, I wot wel, welde; more slyzt
 Of þat art, bi þe half, or a hundreth of seche
 1544 As I am, oþer euer schal, in erde þer I leue,
 Hit were a fole fele-folde, my fre, by my trawþe.
 I wolde yowre wylnyng worche at my myzt,
 As I am hyzly bihalden, & euer-more wylle I will, however, act according to your will,
 1548 Be seruaunt to your-seluen, so saue me dryztyn !" and ever be your servant."
 þus hym frayed þat fre, & fondet hym ofte, [elle;,
 Forto haf wonnen hym to wo;e, what-so scho þo;zt,
 Bot he de-fended hym so fayr, þat no faut semed, Thus Gawayne defends himself.
 1552 Ne non euel on nawþer halue, nawþer þay wysten,
 bot blyse ;

- 1584 Brayde out a bryzt bront, & bigly forth stryde³,
 Founde³ fast þur³ þe forth, þer þe felle byde³,
 þe wylde wat³ war of þe wy³e *with* weppen in honde, and seeks to at-
 tack him with his
 sword.
 Hef hyzly þe here, so hetterly he fnast,
- 1588 þat fele ferde for þe freke,¹ lest felle hym þe worre;
 þe swyn sette³ hym out on þe segge euen, The "swine sets
 out" upon the
 man,
 þat þe burne & þe bor were boþe vpon hepe³,
 In þe wy[3]t-est of þe water, þe worre hade þat oþer;
- 1592 For þe mon merkke³ hym wel, as þay mette fyrst, who, aiming well,
 Set sadly þe scharp in þe slot euen,
 Hit hym vp to þe hult, þat þe hert schyndered, wounds him in
 the pit of the
 stomach.
 & he zarrande hym zelde, & zedoun² þe water,-
- 1596 ful tyt;
 A hundreth hounde³ hym hent, [Fol. 112b.]
 þat bremely con hym bite, The boar is soon
 bitten to death
 by a hundred
 hounds.
 Burne³ him brozt to bent,
- 1600 & dogge³ to dethe endite.

XIX.

- There wat³ blawyng of prys in mony breme horne, Then was there
 blowing of horns
 Heze halowing on hi³e, *with* hapele³ þat myzt;
 Brachetes bayed þat best, as bidden þe maystere³, and baying of
 hounds.
- 1604 Of þat chargeaunt chace þat were chef huntes.
 þenne a wy³e þat wat³ wys vpon wod-crafte³, One wise in wood-
 craft begins to
 unlace the boar.
 To vnlace þis bor lufly bigynne³;
 Fyrst he hewes of his hed, & on hi³e sette³, First he hews off
 the head, then
 rends him by the
 back.
- 1608 & syþen rende³ him al roghe bi þe rygge after,
 Brayde³ out þe boweles, brenne³ hom on glede, He next removes
 the bowels, broils
 them on the
 ashes, and there-
 with rewards his
 hounds.
 With bred blent þer-*with* his braches rewarde³;
 Syþen he britne³ out þe brawen in bryzt brode
 [s]chelde³,
- 1612 & hat³ out þe hastlette³, as hiztly biseme³;
 & zet hem halche³ al hole þe halue³ to-geder, Then the hastlets
 are removed.
 The two halves
 are next bound
 together and
 hung upon a pole
 & syþen on a stif stange stoutly hem henges.

¹ MS. freke³.² zede doun (?).

- Now with þis ilk swyn þay swengen to home ;
- The boar's head
is borne before
the knight, who
hastens home.
- 1616 þe bores hed wat3 borne bifore þe burnes seluen,
þat him for-ferdein þe forþe, þur3 forse of his honde,
so stronge ;
- Til he se3 *sir* Gawayne,
- 1620 In halle hym þo3t ful longe,
He calde, & he com gayn,
His fee3 þer for to fonge.
- Gawayne is called
to receive the
spoil.

XX.

- The lord of the
land is well
pleased when he
sees Sir Gawayne.
- 1624 þe lorde ful lowde *with* lote, & la3ed myry,
When he se3e *sir* G : *with* solace he speke3 ;
þe goude ladye3 were geten, & gedered þe meyny,
He schewe3 hem þe schelde3, & schapes hem þe tale,
Of þe largesse, & þe lenþe, þe liþerne3 else,
- He shows him
the shields of
the wild boar,
and tells him of
its length and
breadth.
- 1628 Of þe were of þe wylde swyn, in wod þer he fled.
þat oþer kny3t ful comly comended his dede3,
& praysed hit as gret prys, þat he proued hade ;
For suche a brawne of a best, þe bolde burne sayde,
- Such a "brawn
of a beast," Sir
Gawayne says, he
never has seen.
- 1632 Ne such sydes of a swyn, segh he neuer are.
þenne hondeled þay þe hoge hed, þe hende mon
hit praysed,
& let lodly þerat þe lorde forto here.
- [Fol. 113.]
- Gawayne takes
possession of it
according to
covenant,
- "Now Gawayn," *quod* þe god mon, "þis gomen
is *your* awen,
- 1636 Bi fyn for-warde & faste, faythely 3e knowe."
"Hit is sothe," *quod* þe segge, "& as siker trwe,
Alle my get I schal yow gif agayn, bi my trawpe."
He [hent] þe hapel aboute þe halse, & hendely
hym kysses,
- and in return
kisses his host,
- 1640 & efter-sones of þe same he serued hym þere.
"Now ar we euen," *quod* þe hapel, "in þis euen-tide,
Of alle þe couenauntes þat we kny3t, syþen I com
bi lawe ;" [hider,
- who declares his
guest to be the
best he knows.
- 1644 þe lorde sayde, "bi saynt Gile,
3e ar þe best þat I knowe,

3e ben ryche in a whyle,
Such chaffer & 3e drowe." }

XXI.

- 1648 þenne þay teldet tableȝ [on] trestes alofte,
Kesten cloþeȝ vpon, clere lyȝt þenne
Wakned bi woȝeȝ, waxen torches
Seggeȝ sette, & serued in sale al aboute ;
Tables are raised
aloft,
cloths cast upon
them,
and torches are
lighted.
- 1652 Much glam & gle glent vp þer-inne,
Aboute þe fyre vpon-flet, & on fele wyse,
At þe soper & after, mony aþel songeȝ,
As coundures of kryst-masse, & caroleȝ newe,
With much mirth
and glee,
supper is served
in the hall,
- 1656 With alle þe manerly merþe þat mon may of telle.
& ~~ene~~ oure luflych knyȝt þe lady bi-syde ;
[Such semblaunt to þat segge semly ho made,
Wyth stille stollen countenance, þat stalworth to
plese,
and ever our
lovely knight by
the lady sits,
who does all she
can to please her
companion.
- 1660 þat al for-wondered watȝ þe wyȝe, & wroth with
hym-seluen,
Bot he nolde not for his nurture nurne hir a-ȝayneȝ,
Bot dalt with hir al in daynte, how-se-euer þe dede
to-wrast ; [turned]
- 1664 Quen þay hade played in halle,
As longe as hor wylle hom last,
To chambre he ¹ con hym calle,
they proceeded
"to chamber."
& to þe chem-ne þay past.

XXII.

- 1668 Ande þer þay dronken, & dalten, & demed eft nwe,
To norne on þe same note, on nweȝereȝ euen ;
Bot þe knyȝt craued leue to kayre on þe morn,
For hit watȝ neȝ at þe terme, þat he to schulde.
There they drank
and discoursed.
Gawayne begs
leave to depart
on the morrow.
- 1672 þe lorde hym letted of þat, to lenge hym resteyed,
& sayde, "as I am trwe segge, I siker my trawþe,
[Fol. 113b.]
þouschal cheue to þe grene chapel, þycharres to make,
His host swears
to him,
that he shall
come to the Green

¹ ho (?).

Chapel on New
Year's morn long
before prime.

- Leude, on nwzereȝ lyȝt, longe bifore pryme ;
 1676 For þy þow lye in þy loft, & lach þyn ese,
 & I schal hunt in þis holt, & halde þe towcheȝ,
 Chaunge wyth þe cheuisaunce, bi þat I charre hider ;
 For I haf fraysted þe twys, & faythful I fynde þe,
 1680 Now þrid tyme, þrowe best, þenk on þe morne,
 Make we mery quyl we may, & mynne vpon Ioye,
 For þe ^{lyss}lur may mon lach, when so mon lykeȝ."

Our knight con-
sents to remain
for another night.

- þis watȝ grayþely graunted, & Gawayn is lenged,
 1684 Bliþe broȝt watȝ hym drynk, & þay to bedde ȝeden,
 with liȝt ;

Full still and
softly he sleeps
all night.

Sir G: lis & slepes,
 Ful stille & softe al niȝt ;
 þe lorde þat his crafteȝ kepes,
 Ful erly he watȝ diȝt.

Early in the
morning the lord
is up.

1688

XXIII.

After mass, a
morsel he takes
with his men.

After messe a morsel¹ he & his men token,
 Miry watȝ þe mornynȝ, his mounture he askes ;

Then were all on
their horses be-
fore the hall-
gates.

- 1692 Alle þe haþeles þat on horse schulde helden hym
 after,

Were boun busked on hor blonkkeȝ, bi-fore² þe
 halle ȝateȝ ;

It was a clear
frosty morning.

Ferly fayre watȝ þe folde, for þe forst clenged,
 In rede rudede vpon rak rises þe sunne,

The hunters, dis-
persed by a
wood's side,

- 1696 & ful clere casteȝ³ þe clowdes of þe welkyn.
 Hunteres vnhardeled bi a holt syde,
 Rocheres rounȝen bi rys, for rurde of her hornes ;
 Summe fel in þe fute, þer þe fox bade,

come upon the
track of a fox,

- 1700 Trayleȝ ofte a trayteres, bi traunt of her wyles ;
 A kenet kryes þerof, þe hunt on hym calles,
 His felajes fallen hym to, þat fnasted ful þike,
 Runnen forth in a rabel, in his ryȝt fare ;

which is followed
up by the hounds.

- 1704 & he fyskeȝ hem by-fore, þay founden hym sone,
 & quen þay seghe hym with syȝt, þaysued hym fast,
 Wreȝande h[ym] ful [w]eterly with a wroth noyse ;

They soon get
sight of the game,

¹ MS. nnorsel. ² MS. bi-fore. ³ MS. costetȝ.

- & he trantes & tornayeez þurȝ mony tene greue ; and pursue him
 1708 Hamlounez, & herkenez, bi heggeȝ ful ofte ; through many a
 At þe last bi a littel dich he lepeȝ ouer a spenné, [Fol. 114.]
 Steleȝ out ful stilly bi a strothe rande, [houndes, The fox at last
 Went haf-wylt of þe wode, with wyleȝ fro þe leaps over a
 1712 þenne watȝ he went, er he wȝst, to ¹ a wale tryster, spinny,
 þer þre þro at a þrich þrat hym at ones, and by a rugged
 al graye ; path seeks to get
 He blenched aȝayn bilyue, clear from the
 1716 & stifly start onstray, hounds.
 With alle þe wo on lyue, He comes upon
 To þe wod he went away. one of the hunt-
 ing stations,
 where he is at-
 tacked by the
 dogs.
 However, he slips
 them,
 and inakes again
 for the wood.

XXIV.

- Thenne watȝ hit lif vpon lift² to lyþen þe houndez, Then was it fine
 1720 Whenalle þe muete hade hym met, menged to-geder, sport to listen to
 Suche a sorȝe at þat syȝt þay sette on his hede, the hounds,
 Asalle þe clamberandeclyffeshade clatered on hepes;
 Here he watȝ halawed, when haþeleȝ hym metten, and the hallooing
 1724 Loude he watȝ ȝayned, with ȝarande speche ; of the hunters.
 þer he watȝ þreted, & ofte þef called, There the fox was
 & ay þe titleres at his tayl, þat tary he ne myȝt ; threatened and
 Ofte he watȝ runnen at, when he out rayked, called a thief.
 1728 & ofte reled in aȝayn, so reniarde watȝ wylé. But Reynard was
 & ȝe he lad hem, bi-lag[gið] men,² þe lorde & his wily,
 meyny, and led them
 astray over
 mounȝs.
 On þis maner bi þe mountes, quyle myd, ouer, vnder,
 Whyle þe hende knyȝt at home holsumly slepeȝ, Meanwhile the
 1732 With-inne þe comly cortynnes, on þe colde morne. knight at home
 Bot þe lady for luf let not to slepe, soundly sleeps
 Ne þe purpose to payre, þat pyȝt in hir hert, within his comely
 Bot ros hir vp radly, rayked hir þeder, curtains.
 1736 In a mery mantyle, mete to þe erþe, The lady of the
 þat watȝ furred ful fyne with felleȝ, wel pured, castle, clothed in
 No hweȝ goud on hir hede, bot þe haȝer stones a rich mantle,

¹ MS. to to.² MS. lift.³ MS. bi lag mon.

- her throat and
bosom all bare,
comes to Ga-
wayne's chamber,
opens a window,
and says,
"Ah! man, how
canst thou sleep,
[Fol. 114b.]
this morning is
so clear?"
- Trased aboute hir tressour, be twenty in clusteres ;
1740 Hir pryuen face & hir prote prowen al naked,
Hir brest bare bifore, & bihinde eke.
Ho come; *with-inne* þe chambre dore, & closes hit
hir after,
Wayue; vp a wyndow, & on þe wyȝe calleȝ,
1744 & radly þus re-hayted hym, *with* hir riche wordeȝ,
*with*¹ chere ;
"A! mon, how may þou slepe.
þis morning is so clere?"
1748 He watȝ in drowping depe,
Bot þenne he con hir here.

XXV.

- The knight was
then dreaming of
his forthcoming
adventure at the
Green Chapel.
- Y
- In dreȝ droupyng of dreme draueled þat noble,
As mon þat watȝ in mornyng of mony þro þoȝtes,
1752 How þat destiné schulde þat day [dyȝt hym²]
his wyȝde,
At þe grene chapel, when he þe gome metes,
& bi-houes his buffet abide, with-oute debate more ;
Bot quen þat comly he keuered his wyttes,
1756 Swenges out of þe sweuenes, & swareȝ *with* hast
þe lady luflych com laȝande swete,
Felle ouer his fayre face, & fetly hym kyssed ;
He welcumeȝ hir worpily, with a wale chere ;
1760 He seȝ hir so glorious, & gayly atyred,
So fautles of hir fetures, & of so fyne hewes,
Wiȝt wallande Ioye warmed his hert ;
With smope smylyng & smolt pay smeten in-to
merþe,
1764 þat al watȝ blis & bonchef, þat breke hem bi-twene,
& wyne.
þay lanced wordes gode,
Much wele þen watȝ þer-inne,
1768 Gret perile bi-twene hem stod,
Nif Mare of hir knyȝt mynne.
- He awakes and
speaks to his fair
visitor,
who sweetly
kisses him.
Great joy warms
the heart of Sir
Gawayne,
and "great peril
between them
stood."

¹ bi, a sec. manu.² [dyȝt hym] conjectural.

XXVI.

31

For þat prynce of pris de-presed hym so pikke,
Nurned hym so neȝe þe þred, þat nede hym bi-houed,

The knight is
sorely pressed.

- 1772 Oper lach þer hir luf, oper lodly re-fuse ;
He cared for his cortaysye, lest crapaȝn he were,
& more for his mészchef, ȝif he schulde make synne,
& be traytor to þat tolke, þat þat telde aȝt.

He fears lest he
should become a
traitor to his
host.

- 1776 "God schylde," quod þe schalk, "þat schal not
be-falle !"

With luf-laȝyng a lyt, he layd hym by-syde
Alle þe spechez of specialté þat sprange of her
mouthe.

Quod þat burde to þe burne, "blame ȝe disserue,

- 1780 ȝif ȝe luf not þat lyf þat ȝe lye nexte,
Bifore alle þe wyȝeȝ in þe worlde wounded in hert,
Bot if ȝe haf a lemman, a leuer, þat yowlykeȝ better,
& folden fayth to þat fre, festned so harde,

The lady inquire
whether he has a
mistress that he
loves better than
her.

- 1784 þat yow lausen ne lyst, & þat I leue noupe ;
And þat ȝe telle me þat, now trwly I pray yow,
For alle þe lufeȝ vpon lyue, layne not þe soþe,
for gile."

[Fol. 115.]

- 1788 þe knyȝt sayde, "be sayn Ion,"
& smeȝely con he smyle,
"In fayth I welde riȝt non,
Ne non wil welde þe quile."

Sir Gawayne
swears by St.
John that he
neither has nor
desires one.

XXVII.

- 1792 "þat is a worde," quod þat wyȝt, "þat worst is of alle,
Bot I am swared for soþe, þat sore me pinkkeȝ ;
Kysse me now comly, & I schal cach heȝen, [louyes."
I may bot mourne vpon molde, as may þat much

She then kisses
him, sighing for
sorrow.

- 1796 Sykande ho sweȝe doun, & semly hym kyssed,
& siȝen ho seueres hym fro, & says as ho stondes,
"Now, dere, at þis de-partyng, do me þis ese,
Gif me sumquat of þy gifte, þi gloue if¹ hit were,

She desires some
gift,
by which to re-
member him.

- 1800 þat I may mynne on þe, mon, my mounyng to
lassen."

¹ MS. of.

Gawayne tells her that she is worthy of a better gift than he can bestow.

He has no men with mails containing precious things.

Then says that lovesome,

"Though I had nought of yours, yet should ye have of mine."

She offers him a gold ring,

but he refuses to accept it,
[Fol. 115b.]
as he has none to give in return.

Very sorrowful was that fair one on account of his refusal.

She takes off her "girdle,"

"Now I wysse," *quod* þat wyȝe, "I wolde I hade here
þe leuest þing for þy luf, þat I in londe welde,
For ȝe haf deserued, forsoþe, sellyly ofte

- 1804 More rewarde bi resoun, þen I reche myȝt,
Bot to dele yow for drurye, þat dawed bot naked;
Hit is not your honour to haf at þis tyme
A gloue for a garysoun, of Gawayneȝ gifteȝ,
1808 & I am here an erande in erdeȝ vncouþe,
& haue no men wyth no maleȝ, wiþ menskful þingeȝ;
þat mislykeȝ me, ladé, for luf at þis tyme,¹
Iche tolke mon do as he is tan, tas to non ille,
1812 ne pine."

"Nay, hende of hyȝe honours,"

Quod þat lufsum vnder lyne,

- "þaȝ I hade [n]oȝt² of youreȝ,
1816 ȝet schulde ȝe haue of myne."

XXVIII.

- Ho raȝt hym a riche rynk of red golde werkeȝ,
Wyth a starande ston, stondande alofte,
þat bere blusschande bemeȝ as þe bryȝt sunne;
1820 Wyt ȝe wel, hit watȝ worth wele ful hoge.
Bot þe renk hit renayed, & redyly he sayde,
"I wil no gifteȝ for gode, my gay, at þis tyme;
I haf none yow to norne, ne noȝt wyl I take."
1824 Ho bede hit hym ful bysily, & he hir bode wernes,
& swere[s]³ swyftel[y] his sothe, þat he hit sese
& þe ȝore þat he forsoke, & sayde þer-after, [nolde;
1828 "If ȝe renay my rynk, to ryche for hit semeȝ,
ȝe wolde not so hyȝly halden be to me,
I schal gif yow my girdel, þat gaynes yow lasse."]
Ho laȝt a lace lyȝtly, þat⁴ leke vmbe hir sydeȝ,
Knit vpon hir kyrtel, vnder þe clere mantyle,
1832 Gered hit watȝ wiþ grene sylke, & wiþ golde
schaped,

¹ MS. tyne.

² MS. oȝt.

³ MS. swere.

⁴ MS. þat þat.

- Noȝt bot arounde brayden, beten *with* fyngreȝ ;
 & þat ho bede to þe burne, & blypely bi-soȝt
 þaȝ hit vn-worpi were, þat he hit take wolde. and beseeches
him to take it.
- 1836 & he nay[ed]¹ þat he nolde neghe in no wyse
 Nauþer golde ne garysoun, er God hym grace sende, Gawayne again
refuses to accept
anything,
 To acheue to þe chaunce þat he hade chosen pere.
 " & þerfore, I pray yow, displese yow noȝt,
- 1840 & letteȝ be *your* bisnesse, for I bayþe hit yow neuer
 to graunte ;
 I am derely to yow biholde,
 Bi-cause of *your* sembelaunt,
- 1844 & euer in hot & colde
 To be *your* trwe seruauant." but promises,
"ever in hot and
in cold, to be her
true servant."

XXIX.

- "Now forsake ȝe þis silke," sayde þe burde þenne,
 "For hit is symple in hit-self, & so hit wel semeȝ ?" "Do you refuse
it," says the lady,
"because it is
simple ?"
- 1848 Lo ! so hit is littel, & lasse hit is worpy ;
 Bot who-so knew þe costes þat knit ar þer-inne,
 He wolde hit prayse at more prys, paraurenture ;
 For quat gome so is gorde *with* þis grene lace, Whoso knew the
virtues that it
possesses, would
highly prize it.
For he who is
girded with this
green lace,
- 1852 While he hit hade hemely halched aboute,
 þer is no hapel vnder heuen to-hewe hym þat myȝt ;
 For he myȝt not be slayn, for slyȝt vpon erþe."
 þen kest þe knyȝt, & hit come to his hert, [were, cannot be wound-
ed or slain."
- 1856 Hit were a luel for þe Iopardé, þat hym iugged
 When he acheued to þe chapel, his chek forto fech ;
 Myȝ[t]² he haf slypped to be vn-slayn, þe sleȝt
 were noble. The knight
thinks of his ad-
venture at the
Green Chapel.
The lady presses
him to accept the
lace.
- þenne he þulged with hir þrepe, & þoled hirtospeke, [Fol. 116.]
- 1860 & ho bere on hym þe belt, & bede hit hym swyþe,
 & he granted, & [ho] hym gafe with a goud wylle, He consents not
only to take the
girdle, but to
keep the posses-
sion of it a secret.
 & bisoȝt hym, for hir sake, disceuer hit neuer, [deȝ,
 Bot to lelly layne fro³ hir lorde ; þe leude hym acor-
- 1864 þat neuer wyȝe schulde hit wyt, Iwysse, bot þay
 for noȝte ; [twayne,

¹ MS. nay.² MS. myȝ.³ MS. for.

- He þonkked hir oft ful swyþe,
 Ful þro with hert & þoȝt.
 Bi þat on þryune syþe,
 Ho hatȝ kyst þe knyȝt so toȝt.]
- 1868 By that time tho lady has kissed him thrice.
- XXX.
- Then she takes her leave.
- 1872 Gawayne then dresses himself, and conceals the love-lace about his person.
- 1876 He then hies to mass,
- 1880 and shrives him of his misdeeds,
- and prays for absolution.
- 1884 He returns to the hall, and makes himself so merry among the ladies, with comely carols,
- 1888 that they said,
- 1892 "Thus merry was he never before since hither he came."
- Thenne lachchez ho hir leue, & leueȝ hym þere,
 For more myrþe of þat mon moȝt ho not gete ;
 When ho¹ watȝ gon, sir G. gereȝ hym sone,
 Rises, & riches hym in araye noble,
 Lays vp þe luf-lace, þe lady hym raȝt,
 Hid hit ful holdely, þer he hit eft fonde ;
 Syþen cheuely to þe chapel choses he þe waye,
 Preuely aproched to a prest, & prayed hym þere
 þat he wolde lyfte his lyf, & lern hym better,
 How his sawle schulde be saued, when he schuld
 seye heþen.
 þere he schrof hym schyrly, & schewed his mys-
 dedeȝ,
 Of þe more & þe mynne, & merci besechez,
 & of absolucioun he on þe segge calles ;
 & he asoyled hym surely, & sette hym so clene,
 As domeȝ-day schulde haf ben diȝt on þe morn.
 & syþen he mace hym as mery among þe fre ladyes,
 With comlych caroles, & alle kynnes ioie,
 As neuer he did bot þat daye, to þe derk nyȝt,
 with blys ;
 Vche mon hade daynte þare,
 Of hym, & sayde Iwysse,
 þus myry he watȝ neuer are,
 Syn he com hider, er þis.

XXXI.

Gawayne's host is still in the field.

Now hym lenge in þat lee, þer luf hym bi-tyde !
 ȝet is þe lorde on þe launde, ledande his gomnes !

¹ he, in MS.

- He hatȝ forfaren þis fox, þat he folȝed longe ;
 1896 As he sprent ouer a spenné, to spye þe schrewe,
 þer as he herd þe howndes, þat hasted hym swyþe,
 Renaud com richchande þurȝ a roȝe greue,
 & alle þe rabel in a res, ryȝt at his heleȝ.
 1900 þe wyȝe watȝ war of þe wyldre, & warly abides,
 & braydeȝ out þe bryȝt bronde, & at þe best casteȝ ;
 & he schunt for þe scharp, & schulde haf arered,
 A rach rapes hym to, ryȝt er he myȝt,
 1904 & ryȝt bifore þe hors fete þay fel on hym alle,
 & worried me þis wyly wyth a wroth noyse.
 þe lorde lyȝteȝ bilyue, & cacheȝ hym¹ sone,
 Rased hym ful radly out of þe rach mouþes,
 1908 Haldeȝ heȝe ouer his hede, haloweȝ faste,
 & þer bayen hym mony brap² houndeȝ ;
 Huntres hyȝed hem þeder, with horneȝ ful mony,
 Ay re-chatande aryȝt til þay þe renk seȝen ;
 1912 Bi þat watȝ comen his compeyny noble,
 Alle þat euer ber bugle blowed at ones,
 & alle piȝe oper halowed, þat hade no hornes ;
 Hit watȝ þe myriest mute þat euer men herde,
 1916 þe rich rard þat þer watȝ raysed for renaude saule,
 with lote ;
 Hor houndeȝ þay þer rewarde,
 Her³ hedeȝ þay fawne & frote,
 1920 & syþen þay tan reynarde,
 & tyruen of his cote.
- He has destroyed the fox.
 [Fol. 116b.]
 He spied Reynard coming through a "rough grove,"
 and tried to hit him with his sword.
 The fox "shunts," and is seized by one of the dogs.
 The lord takes him out of the hound's mouth.
 Hunters hasten thither with horns full many.
 It was the merriest meet that ever was heard.
 The hounds are rewarded,
 and then they take Reynard and "turn off his coat."

XXXII.

- & þenne þay helden to home, for hit watȝ nieȝ nyȝt,
 Strakande ful stoutly in hor store horneȝ ;
 1924 þe lorde is lyȝt at þe laste at hys lef home,
 Fyndeȝ fire vpon flet, þe freke þer by-side,
 Sir Gawayn þe gode, þat glad watȝ with alle,
 Among þe ladies for luf he ladde much ioȝe,
 1 MS. by. 2 MS. bray. 3 MS. Her her.
- The hunters then hasten home.
 The lord at last alights at his dear home,
 where he finds Gawayne amusing the ladies.

- 1928 He were a bleaunt of blwe, þat bradde to þe erþe,
His surkot semed hym wel, þat softe watȝ forred,
& his hode of þat ilke henged on his schulder,
Blande al of blaunner were boþe al aboute.
- The knight comes forward and welcomes his host,
- 1932 He meteȝ me þis god mon in myddeȝ þe flore,
& al with gomen he hym gret, & goudly he sayde,
"I schal fyllen vpon fyrst oure forwardeȝ nouþe,
þat wespedly hanspoken, þerspared watȝ nodrynȝ;"
- [Fol. 117.]
and according to
covenant kisses
him thrice.
(See l. 1868.)
- 1936 þen acoles he [þe] knyȝt, & kysses hym þryes,
As sauerly & sadly as he hem sette coupe. [sele,
"Bi Kryst," quod þat oþer knyȝt, "ȝe each much
Incheisaunce of þis chaffer, ȝif ȝe hadegoud chepeȝ."
- "By Christ," says
the other, "ye
have had much
bliss !
- 1940 "ȝe, of þe chepe no charg," quod chefly þat oþer,
"As is pertly payed þe chepeȝ þat I aȝte."
"Mary," quod þat oþer mon, "myn is bi-hynde,
For I haf hunted al þis day, & noȝt haf I geten,
- I have hunted all
day and have
gotten nothing,
but the skin of
this foul fox,
a poor reward for
three such
kisses."
- 1944 Bot þis foule fox felle, þe fende haf þe godeȝ,
& þat is ful pore, for to pay for suche prys þinges,
As ȝe haf þryȝt me here, þro suche þre cosses,
so gode."
- 1948 "I-noȝ," quod sir Gawayn,
"I þonk yow, bi þe rodeȝ ;"
& how þe fox watȝ slayn,
He tolde hym, as þay stode.
- He then tells him
how the fox was
slain.

XXXIII.

- With much mirth and minstrelly they made merry,
- 1952 With merþe & mynstralsye, wyth meteȝ at hor wylle,
þay maden as mery as any men moȝten,
With lazyng of ladies, with loteȝ of bordes ;
Gawayn & þe gode mon so glad were þay boþe,
- 1956 Bot if þe douthen had doted, oþer dronken ben oþer,
Boþe þe mon & þe meyny maden mony iaþeȝ.
Til þe sesoun watȝ seȝen, þat þay seuer moste ;
Burneȝ to hor bedde be-houed at þe laste.
- until the time
came for them to
part.
- Gawayne takes
leave of his host,
- 1960 þenne loȝly his leue at þe lorde fyrst
Fochcheȝ þis fre mon, & fayre he hym þonkkeȝ ;

"Of such a sellyly soiorne, as I haf hade here,
Your honour, at pis hyȝe fest, þe hyȝe kyng yow
ȝelde!

and thanks him
for his happy
"sojourn."

1964 I ȝef yow me for on of youreȝ, if yowre-self lykeȝ,
For I mot nedes, as ȝe wot, meue to morne,
& ȝe me take sum tolke, to teche, as ȝe hyȝt,
þe gate to þe grene chapel, as god wyl me suffer

He asks for a
man to teach him
the way to the
Green Chapel.

1968 To dele, on nwȝereȝ day, þe dome of my wyrdes."
"In god fayþe," quod þe god mon. "wyth a goud
wylle ;

Al þat euer I yow hyȝt, halde schal I rede."

þer asyȝnes he a seruauȝt, to sett hym in þe waye,

A servant is as-
signed to him,
[Fol. 117b.]

1972 & coundue hym by þe downeȝ, þat he no drechch had,
For to f[e]rk þurȝ þe fryth, & fare at þe gaynest,
bi greue.

þe lorde Gawayn con þonk,

1976 Such worchip he wolde hym weue ;

þen at þo ladyeȝ wlonk,

and then he takes
leave of the ladies.

þe knyȝt hatȝ tan his leue.

XXXIV.

With care & wyth kyssyng he carppeȝ hem tille,

kissing them sor-
rowfully.

1980 & fele pryuaȝde þonkkeȝ he þrat hom to haue,

& þay ȝelden hym aȝay[n] ȝeþly þat ilk ;

þay bikende hym to Kryst, with ful colde sykyngȝe.

They commend
him to Christ.

Syþen fro þe meyny he menskly de-partes ;

He then departs,
thanking each
one he meets "for
his service and
solace."

1984 Vche mon þat he mette, he made hem a þonke,

For his seruyse, & his solace, & his sere pyne,

þat þay wyth busynes had ben, aboute hym to
serue ;

& vche segge as sore, to seuer with hym þere,

1988 As þay hade wonde worþlyly with þat wlonk euer.

þen with ledes & lyȝt he watȝ ladde to his chambre,

He retires to rest
but sleeps but
little.

& blyþely broȝt to his bedde, to be at his rest ;

ȝif he ne slepe soundly, say ne dar I,

for much has he
to think of on the
morrow.

1992 For he hade muche on þe morn to mynne, ȝif he
wolde,

in þoȝt.

Let him there lye
still.

Let hym lyȝe þere stille,
He hatȝ nere þat he soȝt ;

Be still awhile,
and I shall tell
how they
wrought.

1996

& ȝe wyl a whyle be styлле,
I schal telle yow how þay wroȝt. 7

[FYTTE THE FOURTH.]

I.

New Year's Day
approaches.

NOW neȝeȝ þe nwȝere, & þe nyȝt passeȝ,
þe day dryueȝ to þe derk, as dryȝtyn biddeȝ ;

The weather is
stormy.

2000 Bot wylde wedereȝ of þe worlde wakned þeroute,
Clowdes kesten kenly þe colde to þe erþe,
Wyth nyȝe in-noghe of þe norþe, þe naked to teneȝ ;

Snow falls.

þe snawe snitered ful snart, þat snapped þe wylde ;

The dales are ful
of drift.

2004 þe werbelande wynde wapped fro þe hyȝe,
& druf þe dale ful of dryftes ful grete.

Gawayne in his
bed hears each
cock that crows.

þe leude lystened ful wel, þat leȝ in his bedde,
þaȝ he lowkeȝ his liddeȝ, ful lyttel he slepes ;

2008 Bi vch kok þat crue, he knwe wel þe steuen. 7

[Fol. 118.]

De-liuierly he dressed vp, er þe day sprenged,
For þere watȝ lyȝt of a lau[m]pe, þat lemed in his
chambre ;

He calls for his
chamberlain,
and bids him
bring him his
armour.

He called to his chamberlayn, þat coffy hym swareȝ,
2012 & bede hym brynghym his bruny, & his blonksadel ;
þat oþer ferkeȝ hym vp, & fecheȝ hym his wedeȝ,
& grayȝeȝ me sir Gawayn vpon a grett wyse.

Fyrst he clad hym in his cloþeȝ, þe colde for to wereȝ ;

2016 & syþen his oþer harnays, þat holdely watȝ keped,
Boþe his pounce, & his plateȝ, piked ful clene,

Men knock off
the rust from his
rich habergeon.

þe ryngȝe rokked of þe roust of his riche bruny ;
& al watȝ fresch as vpon fyrst, & he watȝ fayn þenne

2020 to þonk ;

- He hade vpon vche pece,
 Wypped ful wel & wlonk ;
 þe gayest in to Grece,
 þe burne bede bryng his blonk.
- 2024
- The knight then
calls for his steed.

II.

- Whyle þe wlonkest wedes he warp on hym-seluen ; While he clothed
 His cote, wyth þe conysaunce of þe clere werke3, himself in his
 Ennurned vpon veluet *vertuns* stone3, rich weeds,
 2028 Aboute beten, & bounden, enbrauded seme3,
 & fayre furred *with-inne* wyth fayre pelures.
 3et laft he not þe lace, þe ladie3 gifte, he forgot not
 þat for-gat not Gawayn, for gode of hym-seluen ; the lady's gift,
 2032 Bi he hade belted þe bronde vpon his bal3e haunche3,
 penn dressed he his drurye double hym aboute ; but with it doubly
 Swyþesweþled vmbe his swange swetely þat kny3t girded his loins.
 þe gordel of þe grene silke, þat gay wel bisemed,
 2036 Vpon þat ryol red cloþe, þat ryche wat3 to schewe.
 Bot ~~3et~~ 3et not þis ilk wy3e for wele þis gordel, He wore it not
 For pryde of þe pendaunte3, þa3 polyst þay were, for its rich orna-
 & þa3 þe glyterande golde glent vpon ende3, ments,
 2040 Bot forto sauen hym-self, whensufferhym by-houed, "but to save him-
 To byde bale *with-out*edabate, of bronde hym to were, self when it be-
 oper knyffe ;] haved him to
 Bi þat þe bolde mon boun, suffer."
 2044 Wynne3 þeroute bilyue,
 Alle þe meyny of renoun,
 He þonkke3 ofte ful ryue.
- All the renowned
assembly he
thanks full oft.

III.

- Thenne wat3 Gryngolet grayþe, þat gret wat3 & huge, [Fol. 118b.]
 2048 & hade ben sojoumed sauerly, & in a siker wyse, Then was Grin-
 Hym lyst prik for poynt, þat proude hors þenne ; golet arrayed,
 þe wy3e wynne3 hym to, & wyte3 on his lyre, full ready to
 & sayde soberly hym-self, & by his soth swere3, prick on.

Gawayne returns
thanks for the
honour and kind-
ness shown to
him by all.

2052 "Here is a meyny in þis mote, þat on menske þenk-
þe mon hem maynteines, ioy mot he¹ haue ; [keȝ ;
þe leue lady, on lyue luf hir bityde ;
ȝif þay for charyté cherysen a gest,

He then steps
into his saddle,

2056 & halden honour in her honde, þe hæþel hem ȝelde,
þat haldeȝ þe heuen vpon hyȝe, & also yow alle !
& ȝif I myȝt lyf vpon londe lede any quyle,
I schuld rech yow sum rewarde redyly, if I myȝt."

and "starts on
the stone" with-
out more delay.

2060 þenn steppeȝ he in-to stirop, & strydeȝ alofte ;
His schalk schewed hym his schelde, on schulder
he hit laȝt,

Gordeȝ to Gryngolet, with his gilt heleȝ,
& he starteȝ on þe ston, stod he no lenger,

2064 to prauunce ;
His hæþel on hors watȝ þenne,
þat bere his spere & launce.

"This castle to
Christ I com-
mend ; may he
give it ever good
chance !"

2068 "þis kastel to Kryst I kenne,
He gef hit ay god (chaunce !)"

IV.

The gates are
soon opened.

The brygge watȝ brayde doun, & þe brode ȝateȝ
Vnbarred, & born open, vpon boȝe halue ;

The knight passes
thereout,

þe burne blessed hym bilyue, & þe bredeȝ passed ;
2072 Prayses þe porter, bifore þe prynce kneled,
Gef hym God & goud day, þat Gawayn he saue ;

and goes on his
way accompanied
by his guide.

& went on his way, with his wyȝe one,
þat schulde teche hym to tourne to þat tene place,

2076 þer þe ruful race he schulde re-sayue.

They climb by
cliffs,

þay boȝen bi bonkkeȝ, þer boȝeȝ ar bare,
þay clomben bi clyffeȝ, þer clengeȝ þe colde ;
þe heien watȝ vp halt, bot vgly þer vnder,

where each "hill
had a hat and a
mist-cloak,"

2080 Mist mugged on þe mor, malt on þe mounteȝ,
Vch hille hade a hatte, a myst-hakel huge ;
Brokeȝ byled, & breke, bi bonkkeȝ aboute, [ued.
Schyre schaterande on schoreȝ, þer pay doun schow-

[Fol. 119.] 2084 Welawylle watȝ þe way, þer pay bi wod schulden,

¹ MS. pay.

Til hit watȝ sone sesoun, þat þe surne ryse,
þat tyde ;

until daylight.

2088 þay were on a hille ful hyȝe,
þe quyte snaw lay bisyde ;
þe burne þat rod hym by,
Bede his mayster abide.

They were then
on a "hill full
high."

The servant bade
his master abide,
saying,

V.

"For I haf wonnen yow hider, wyȝe, at þis tyme,
2092 & now nar ȝe not fer fro þat note place,
þat ȝe han spied & spured so specially after ;
Bot I schal say yow for soþe, syþen I yow knowe,
& ȝe ar a lede vpon lyue, þat I wel louy,
2096 Wolde ȝe worch bi my wytte, ȝe worped þe better.

"I have brought
you hither,

ye are not now far
from the noted
place.

þe place þat ȝe prece to, ful perelous is halden ;
þer woneȝ a wyȝe in þat waste, þe worst vpon erþe ;
For he is stiffe, & sturne, & to strike louies,

Full perilous is it
esteemed.
The lord of that
'waste' is stiff
and stern.

2100 & more he is þen any mon vpon myddelerde,
& his body bigger þen þe best fowre,
þat ar in Arpureȝ hous, Hestor oper oper.
He cheueȝ þat chaunce at þe chapel grene ;

His body is bigge.
'than the best
four in Arthur's
house.'

2104 þer passes non bi þat place, so proude in his armes,
þat he ne dynneȝ hym to deþe, with dynt of his
For he is a mon methles, & mercy non vses, [honde ;
For be hit chorle, oper chaplayn, þat bi þe chapel
2108 Monk, oper masse-prest, oper any mon elles, [rydes,
Hym þynk as queme hym to quelle, as quyk go
hym seluen.]

None passes by
the Green Chapel.
'that he does not
ding to death
with dint of his
hand.'

For be it churl
or chaplain,
monk, masse-
priest, 'or any
man else,' he
kills them all.

For-þy I say þe as soþe as ȝe in sadel sitte,
Com ȝe þere, ȝe be kyllled, may þe knyȝt rede,

2112 Trawe ȝe me þat trwely, þaȝ ȝe had twenty lyues
to spende ;

He has lived
there full long.

He hatȝ wonyȝd here ful ȝore,
On bent much baret bende,
2116 Aȝayn his dynteȝ sore,
ȝe may not yow defende."

Against his dinte
sore ye may not
defend you.

VI.

Wherefore, good
Sir Gawayne, let
this man alone.

Go by some other
region.

[Fol. 1190.]
I swear by God
and all His saints,
that I will never
say that ever ye
attempted to flee
from any man."

Gawayne replies
that to shun this
danger would
mark him as a
"coward knight."

To the Chapel,
therefore, he will
go.

though the owner
thereof were a
stern knave.

"Full well can
God devise his
servants for to
save."

take thy helmet
on thy head, and
thy spear in thy
hand,
and ride down
this path by yon
rock-side,
till thou come to
the bottom of the
valley;
look a little to
the left,
and thou shalt
see the Chapel it-
self and the man
that guards it."

[Fol. 1191.]

- "For-þy, goude sir Gawayn, let þe gome one,
& gotȝ a-way sum oper gate, vpon Goddeȝ halue;
2120 Cayreȝ bi sum oper kyth, þer Kryst mot yow spede;
& I schal hyȝ me hom aȝayn, & hete yow fyrre,
þat I schal swere bi God, & alle his gode halȝeȝ,
As help me God & þe halydam, & oþeȝ in-noghe,
2124 þat I schal lelly yow layne, & lance neuer tale,
þat euer ȝe fondet to fle, for freke þat I wyst."
"Grant merci," quod Gawayn, & gruchyng he
"Wel worth þe wyȝe, þat woldeȝ my gode, [sayde,
2128 & þat lelly me layne, I leue wel þou woldeȝ!
Bot helde þou hit neuer so holde, & I here passed,
Founded for ferde for to fle, in fourme þat þou telleȝ,
I were a knyȝt kowarde, I myȝt not¹ be excused.
2132 Bot I wyl to þe chapel, for (chaunce) þat may falle,
& talk wyth þat ilk tulk þe tale þat me lyste,
Worþe hit wele, oper wo, as þe wyȝde lykeȝ
hit hafe;

- 2136 þaȝe he be a sturn knape,
To stiȝtel, &² stad with staue,
Ful wel con dryȝtyn schape,
His seruanteȝ forto saue."

VII.

- 2140 "Mary!" quod þat oper mon, "now þou so much
spelleȝ,
þat þou wylt þyn awen nye nyme to þy-seluen,
& þe lyst lese þy lyf, þe lette I ne kepe;
Haf here þi helme on þy hede, þi spere in þi honde,
2144 & ryde me doun þis ilk rake, bi ȝon rokke syde,
Til þou be broȝt to þe boȝem of þe brem valay;
þenne loke a littel on þe launde, on þi lyfte honde,
& þou schal se in þat slade þe self chapel,
2148 & þe borelych burne on bent, þat hit kepeȝ.
Now fareȝ wel on Godeȝ half, Gawayn þe noble,

¹ mot, in MS.

² & &, in MS.

For alle þe golde vpon grounde I nolde go wyth þe,
 Ne bore þe felazschip þurȝ þis fryth on fote fytra."
 2152 [B]i þat þe wyȝe in þe wod wendeȝ his brydel,
 Hit þe hors *with* þe heleȝ, as harde as he myȝt,
 Lepeȝ hym ouer þe launde, & leueȝ þe knyȝt þere,
 al one.

Having thus
spoken the guide
takes leave of the
knight.

2156 "Bi Goddeȝ self," *quod* Gawayn,
 "I wyl nauȝer grete ne grone,
 To Goddeȝ wyll I am ful bayn,
 & to hym I haf me tone."

"By God's self,"
says Sir Ga-
wayne, "I will
neither weep nor
groan.
To God's will I
am full ready."

VIII.

2160 Thenne gyrdeȝ he to Gryngolet, & gedereȝ þe rake,
 Schowueȝ in bi a schore, at a schaze syde,
 Rideȝ þurȝ þe roȝe bonk, ryȝt to þe dale; [þoȝt,
 & þenne he wayted hym aboute, & wylde hit hym
 2164 & seȝe no syngne of resette, bisydeȝ nowhere,
 Bot hyȝe bonkkeȝ & brent, vpon boȝe halue,
 & ruȝe knokled knarreȝ, *with* knorned stoneȝ;
 þe skweȝ of þe scowtes skayued hym þoȝt.
 2168 þenne he houed, & wyth-hylde his hors at þat tyde,
 & ofte chaunged his cher, þe chapel to seche;
 He seȝ non suche in no syde, & selly hym þoȝt,
 Sone a lyttel on a launde, a lawe as hit we[re];
 2172 A balȝ berȝ, bi a bonke, þe brymme by-syde,
 Bi a forȝ of a flode, þat ferked þare;
 þe borne blubred þer-inne, as hit boyled hade.
 þe knyȝt kacheȝ his caple, & com to þe lawe,
 2176 Liȝteȝ doun luflyly, & at a lynde tacheȝ
 þe rayne, & his riche,¹ with a roȝe braunche;
 þen[n]e he boȝeȝ to þe berȝe, aboute hit he walkeȝ,
 D[e]batande *with* hym-self, quat hit be myȝt.
 2180 Hit hade a hole on þe ende, & on ayȝer syde,
 & ouer-grown *with* gresse in glodes ay where,
 & al watȝ holȝ in-*with*, nobot an olde caue,

[Fol. 120.]
Then he pursues
his journey,

rides through the
dale, and looks
about.

He sees no sign
of a resting-place,
but only high and
steep banks.

No chapel could
he discern.

At last he sees a
hill by the side
of a stream;

thither he goes,

alights and fast-
ens his horse to a
branch of a tree.

He walks around
the hill, debating
with himself
what it might be

¹ (?) *Read* riche bridle.

and at last finds
an old cave in the
crag.

2184 Ora creuisse of an olde cragge, he coupe hit noȝt demie
with spelle,

He prays that
about midnight
he may tell his
matina.

"We, lorde," quod þe gentyle knyȝt,
"Wheþer þis be þe grene chapelle;
2188 He[re]¹ myȝt aboute myd-nyȝt,
[þ]e dele his matynnes telle!"

IX.

"Truly," says Sir
Gawayne, "a
desert is here,

a fitting place for
the man in green
to 'deal here his
devotions in devil
fashion.'

It is the most
cursed kirk that
ever I entered."

[Fol. 120b.]

Roaming about
he hears a loud
noise,

from beyond the
brook.
It clattered like
the grinding of a
scythe on a grind-
stone.
It whirled like a
mill-stream.

"Now i-wysse," quod Wowayn, "wysty is here;
þis orit^{ore} is vgly, with erbeȝ ouer-grown;
Wel bisemeȝ þe wyȝe wruxled in grene
2192 Dele here his deuocioun, on þe deueleȝ wyȝe;
Now I fele hit is þe fende, in my fyue wytteȝ,
þat hatȝ stoken me þis steuen, to strye me here;
þis is a chapel of meschaunce, þat chekke hit by-tyde,
2196 Hit is þe corsesdest kyrk, þat euer I com inne!"
With heȝe helme on his hede, his launce in his honde,
He ~~ronȝe~~ vp to þe rokke of þo roȝ woneȝ;
þen herde he of þat hyȝe hil, in a harde roche,
2200 Biȝonde þe broke, in a bonk, a wonder breme noyse.
Quat! hit clatered in þe clyff, as hit cleue schulde,
As one vpon a gryndelston hade grounden a syȝe;
What! hit wharred, & whette, as water at a mulne,
2204 What! hit rusched, & ronge, rawþe to here.]
þenne "bi Godde," quod Gawayn, "þat gere as² I
Is ryched at þe reuerence, me renk to mete, [trowe,
bi rote;

2208 Let God worche, we loo!
Hit helpeȝ me not a mote:
My lif þaȝ I for-goo,
Drede dotȝ me no lote."

"Though my life
I forgo," says
the knight, "no
noise shall terrify
me."

X.

Then cried he
aloud,
"Who dwells
here discourse
with me to hold?"

2212 Thenne þe knyȝt con calle ful hyȝe,
"Who stiztleȝ in þis sted, me steuen to holde?"

¹ MS. He.

² MS. at.

- For now is gode Gawayn goande ryzt here,
 If any wyȝe oȝt wyl, wyȝne hider fast,
 2216 *Oȝer* now, *oȝer* neuer, his nedeȝ to speda." [hede,
 "Abyde," *quod* on on þe bonke, abouen ouer his
 " & þou schal haf al in hast, þat I þe hyȝt ones."
 ȝet he rusched on þat rurde, rapely a þrowe,
 2220 & wyth quettyng a-wharf, er he wolde lyȝt;
 & syȝen he keuereȝ bi a cragge, & comeȝ of a hole,
 Whyrlande out of a *wro*, wyth a felle weppen,
 A deneȝ ax nwe dyȝt, þe dynt with [t]o ȝelde,
 2224 With a borelych bytte, bende by þe halme,
 Fyled in a fylor, fowre fote large,
 Hit watȝ no lasse, bi þat lace þat lemed ful bryȝt.
 & þe gome in þe grene gered as fyrst,
 2228 Boȝe þe lyre & þe leggeȝ, lokkeȝ, & berde,
 Saue þat fayre on his fote he foundeȝ on þe erȝe,
 Sette þe stele to þe stone, & stalked bysyde.
 When he wan to þe watter, þer he wade nolde,
 2232 He hypped ouer on hys ax, & orpedly strydeȝ,
 Bremly broȝe on a bent, þat brode watȝ a-boute,
 on snawe.
 Sir Gawayn þe knyȝt con mete,
 2236 He ne lutte hym no þyng lowe,
 þat oȝer sayde, "now, *sir* swete,
 Of steuen mon may þe trowe."

Now is the good
 Gawayne going
 aright.

He hears a voice
 commanding him
 to abide where
 he is.

Soon there comes
 out of a hole, with
 a fell weapon,

a Danish axe,
 quite new,

the "knight in
 green," clothed as
 before.

When he reaches
 the stream, he
 hops over and
 strides about.

[Fol. 121.]
 He meets Sir Ga-
 wayne without
 obeisance.
 The other tells
 him that he may
 be trusted to keep
 an appointment.

XI.

- "Gawayn," *quod* þat grene gome, "God þe mot
 2240 I-wysse þou art welcom,¹ wyȝe, to my place, [loke!
 & þou hatȝ tymed þi trauayl as true² mon schulde;
 & þou knoweȝ þe couenaunteȝ kest *us* by-twene,
 At þis tyme twelmonyth þou toke þat þe falled,
 2244 & I schulde at þis nwe ȝere ȝeȝly þe quyte.
 & we ar in þis valay, verayly oure one,
 Here ar no renkes vs to rydde, rele as *us* likeȝ;

"God preserve
 thee!" says the
 Green Knight,

"as a true knight
 'thou hast timed
 thy travel.'
 Thou knowest
 the covenant be-
 tween us,
 that on New
 Year's day I
 should return thy
 blow.
 Here we are
 alone;

¹ welcom, in MS.

² truee, in MS.

Have off thy
helmet and take
thy pay at once."

2248 Haf þy¹ helme of þy hede, & haf here þy pay ;
Busk no more debate þen I þe bede þenne,
When þou wypped of my hede at a wap one."

"By God," quoth
Sir Gawayne, "I
shall not be-
grudge thee thy
will."

"Nay, bi God," quod Gawayn, "þat me gost lante,
I schal gruch þe no grwe, for grem þat fallez ;
2252 Botstyztel þe vpon on strok, & Ischal stonde styлле,
& warp þe no wernyng, to worch as þe lykez,
no whare."

Then he shows
his bare neck,

2256 He lened with þe nek, & lutte,
& schewed þat schyre al bare,
& lette as he noȝt dutte,
For drede he wolde not dare.

and appears un-
daunted.

XII.

Then the man in
green seizes his
grim tool.

2260 Then þe gome in þe grene grayþed hym swyþe,
Gedereȝ vp hys grymme tole, Gawayn to smyte ;
With alle þe bur in his body he ber hit on lofte,
Munt as maȝtyly, as marre hym he wolde ;
Hade hit dryuen adoun, as dreȝ as he atled,

With all his force
he raises it aloft.

2264 ~~þe~~ hade ben ded of his dynt, þat doȝty watȝ euer.
Bot Gawayn on þat giserne glyfte hym bysyde,
Ashitcomglydande adoun, on glode hym to schende,
& schranke a lytel with þe schulderes, for þe
scharp yrne.] [haldeȝ,

As it came gliding
down,
Sir Gawayne
shrank a little
with his should-
ers.

2268 þat oper schalk wyth a schunt þe schene wyth-
& þenne repreued he þe prynce with mony prowde
wordeȝ :

The other re-
proved him, say-
ing,

"Thou art not
Gawayne that is
so good esteemed,

"þou art not Gawayn," quod þe gome, "þat is so
goud halden,

þat neuer arȝed for no here, by hylle ne be vale,

[Fol. 121b.]
for thou fleest for
fear before thou
feelest harm.
I never flinched
when thou
struckest.

2272 & now þou fles for ferde, er þou fele harmeȝ ;
Such cowardise of þat knyȝt cowþe I neuer here.
Nawþer fyked I, ne flaze, freke, quen þou myntest,
Ne kest no kauelacion, in kynges hous Arthor,

My head flew to
my foot, yet I
never fled,

2276 My hede flaz to my fote, & ȝet flaz I neuer ;
& þou, er any harme hent, arȝeȝ in hert,

¹ MS. þy þy.

Wherefore þe better burne me burde be called
þer-fore."

wherefore I
ought to be called
the better man."

- 2280 Quod G: , " I schunt oneȝ,
& so wyl I no more,
Bot þaȝ my hede falle on þe stoneȝ,
I con not hit restore.

" I shunted once,"
says Gawayne,
" but will he
more.

XIII.

- 2284 Bot busk, burne, bi þi fayth, & bryng me to þe poynt,
Dele to me my destiné, & do hit out of honde,
For I schal stonde þe a strok, & start no more,
Til þyn ax haue me hitte, haf here my trawþe."

Bring me to the
point; deal me
my destiny at
once."

- 2288 " Haf at þe þenne," quod þat oþer, & heuez hit
aloſte,

" Have at thee,
then," says the
other.

& wayteȝ as wroþely, as he wode were ;

He mynteȝ at hym maȝtyly, bot not þe mon ryneȝ,
With-helde heterly h[i]s honde, er hit hurt myȝt.

With that he aims
at him a blow.

- 2292 Gawayngrayþely hit bydeȝ, & glent with nomembre,
Bot stode styлле as þe ston, oþer a stubbe auþer,
þatrapeled is in roche grounde, with roteȝ a hundreth.
þen muryly efte con he mele, þe mon in þe grene.

Gawayne never
flinches, but
stands as still as
a stone.

- 2296 " So now þou hatȝ þi hert holle, hitte me bihou[e]ȝ;
Halde þe now þe hyȝe hode, þat Arþur þe raȝt,
& kepe þy kanel at þis kest, ȝif hit keuer may."

" Now," says the
Green Knight, " I
must hit thee,
since thy heart is
whole."

G: ful gryndelly with greme þenne sayde,

- 2300 " Wy þresch on, þou þro mon, þou þreteȝ to longe,
I hope þat þi hert arȝe wyth þyn awen seluen."

" Thrash on,"
says the other.

" For soþe," quod þat oþer freke, " so felly þou
spekeȝ,

I wyl no lenger on lyte lette þin ernde,

- 2304 riȝt nowe."

þenne tas he¹ hym stryþe to stryke,
& frounses boþe lyppe & browe,
No meruayle þaȝ hym myslyke

Then the Green
Knight makes
ready to strike.

- 2308 þat hoped of no rescowe.

¹ MS. he ha.

XIV.

He let fall his
loom on the bare
[Fol. 122.]
neck of Sir Ga-
wayne.



He lyftes lyztly his lome, & let hit doun fayre,
With þe barbe of þe bitte bi þe bare nek ;
þa; he homered heterly, hurt hym no more,
2312 Bot snyrt hym on þat on syde, þat seuered þe hyde ;
þe scharp schrank to þe flesche þur; þe schyre grece,
þat þe schene blod ouer his schulderes schot to þe
erbe.

The sharp
weapon pierced
the flesh so that
the blood flowed.

When the knight
saw the blood on
the snow,

& quen þe burne se; þe blode blenk on þe snawe,
2316 He sprit forth speene fote more þen a spere lenþe,
Hent heterly his helme, & on his hed cast,
Schot with his schuldere; his fayre schelde vnder,
Brayde; out a bryzt sworde, & bremely he speke; ;

he unsheathed his
sword, and thus
spake :

2320 Neuer syn þat he wat; burne borne of his moder,
Wat; he neuer in þis worlde, wy;e half so blyþe:—

“Cease, man, of
thy blow.

“Blyþne, burne, of þy bur, bede me no mo ;
I haf a stroke in þis sted with-oute stryf hent,
2324 & if þow reche; me any mo, I redyly schal quyte,
& ;elde ;ederly a;ayn, & þer to ;e tryst,
& foo ;

If thou givest me
any more, readily
shall I requite
thee.

Our agreement
stipulates only
one stroke.”

2328 Bot on stroke here me falle;,
þe couenaunt schop ryzt so,
[Schaped]¹ in Arpure; halle;,
& þer-fore, hende, now hoo !”

XV.

The Green Knight
rested on his axe,

The hapel heldet hym fro, & on his ax rested,
2332 Sette þe schaft vpon schore, & to þe scharp lened,
& loked to þe leude, þat on þe launde ;ede,
How þat dozty dredles deruely þer stonde;,
Armed ful a;le; ; in hert hit hym lyke;.

looked on Sir Ga-
wayne, who ap-
peared bold and
fearless,

2336 þenn he mele; muryly, wyth a much steuen,
& wyth a r[a]ykande rurde he to þe renk sayde,
“Bolde burne, on þis bent be not so gryndel ;
No mon here vn-manerly þe mys-boden habbe,
2340 Ne kyd, botas couenaunde, at kynges; kort schaped ;

and addressed
him as follows :
“Bold knight, be
not so wroth,

¹ Illegible.

- I hyzt þe a strok, & þou hit hatz, halde þe wel payed,
 I relece þe of þe remnaut, of ryztes alle oþer ;
 3if¹ I deliuer had bene, a boffet, paraunter,
- 2344 I ~~can~~ wroþeloket haf waret, [&] to þe haf wrozt
 [Fyrst I mansed þe murly, with a mynt one, [anger.²
 & roue þe wyth no rof, sore with ryzt I þe profered,
 For þe forwarde þat we fest in þe fyrst nyzt,
- 2348 & þou trystly þe trawþe & trwly me haldez,
 Al þe gayne þow me gef, as god mon schulde ;
 þat oþer munt for þe morne, mon, I þe profered,
 þou kyssedes my clere wyf, þe cossez me raztez,
- 2352 For boþe two here I þe bede bot two bare myntes,
 boutte scape ;
 Trwe mon trwe restore,
 þenne þar mon drede no wape ;
- 2356 At þe prid þou fayled þore,
 & þer-for þat tappe ta þe.

I promised thee
 a stroke and thou
 hast it, be satis-
 fied.

I could have dealt
 worse with thee.

I menaced thee
 with one blow for
 [Fol. 122b.]
 the covenant be-
 tween us on the
 first night.

Another I aimed
 at thee because
 thou kissedst my
 wife.

A true man
 should restore
 truly, and then
 he need fear no
 harm.
 Thou failedst at
 the third time,
 and therefore take
 thee that tap.
 (See l. 1861.)

XVI.

- For hit is my wede þat þou werez, þat ilke wouen gir-
 Mynowen wyf hit þe weued, I wot welforsoþe ; [del,
- 2360 Now know I wel þy cosses, & þy costes als,
 & þe wowyng of my wyf, I wrozt hit myseluen .
 I sende hir to asay þe, & sothly me þynkkez,
 On þe fautlest freke, þat euer on fote zede ;
- 2364 As perle bi þe quite pese is of prys more,
 So is Gawayn, in god fayth, bi oþer gay knyztez.
 Bot here yow lakked a lyttel, sir, & lewte yow
 wonted, [þer,
 Bot þat watz for no wilyde werke, ne wowyng nau-
- 2368 Bot for ze lufed your lyf, þe lasse I yow blame."
 þat oþer stif mon in study stod a gret whyle ;
 So agreede for greme he gryed with-inne,
 Alle þe blode of his brest blende in his face,
- 2372 þat al he schrank for schome, þat þe schalk talked.
 þe forme worde vpon folde, þat þe freke meled,—

For my weed
 (woven by my
 wife) thou wear-
 est.

I know thy kisses
 and my wife's
 wooing.

I sent her to try
 thee, and faultless
 I found thee.

But yet thou sin-
 nedst a little,

for love of thy
 life."

Gawayne stands
 confounded.

¹ uf, in MS.

² This word is doubtful.

"Cursed," he
says, "be cow-
ardice and covet-
ousness both!"

Then he takes off
the girdle and
throws it to the
knight.

He curses his
cowardice,

and confesses
himself to have
been guilty of un-
truth.

[Fol. 123.]

"Cursed worth cowarddyse & couetyse boþe !
In yow is vylany & vyse, þat vertue distryeþ."

2376 þenne he kaȝt to þe knot, & þe kest lawseȝ,
Brayde broþely þe belt to þe burne seluen :

"Lo ! þer þe falssyng, foule mot hit falle !

For care of þy knokke cowardyse me taȝt

2380 To a-corde me *with* couetyse, my kynde to for-sake,
þat is larges & lewte, þat longeȝ to knyȝteȝ.

Now am I fawty, & falce, & ferde haf ben euer

Of trecherye & vn-trawþe boþe bityde sorȝe

2384 & care !

I bi-knowe yow, knyȝt, here styлле,

Al fawty is my fare,

- Leteȝ me ouer-take *your* wylle,

2388 & efte I schal be ware."

XVII.

Then the other,
laughing, thus
spoke :

"Thou art con-
fessed so clean,

that I hold thee
as pure as if thou
hadst never been
guilty.

I give thee, sir,
the gold-hemmed
girdle,

as a token of thy
adventure at the
Green Chapel.
Come again to my
abode, and abide
there for the re-
mainder of the
festival."

Thenn loȝe þat oþer leude, & luflyly sayde,

"I halde hit hardily¹ hole, þe harme þat I hade ;

þou art confessed so clene, be-knownen of þy mysses,

2392 & hatȝ þe penaunce apert, of þe poynt of myn egge,

I halde þe polysed of þat plyȝt, & pured as clene,

As þou hadeȝ neuer forfeted, syþen þou watȝ fyrst

& I gifþe, *sir*, þegurdel þat is golde hemmed ; [borne.

2396 For hit is grene as my goune, *sir* G : , ȝe maye

þenk vpon þis ilke þrepe, þer þou forth þryngeȝ

Among prynces of prys, & þis a pure token

Of þe chaunce of þe grene chapel, at cheualrous

2400 & ȝeschalin þis nweȝerazayn to my woneȝ, [knyȝteȝ ;

& we schyn reuel þe remnaunt of þis ryche fest,
ful bene."

þer laȝed hym fast þe lorde,

& sayde, "*with* my wyf, I wene,

We schal yow wel acorde,

þat watȝ *your* enmy kene."

¹ hardilyly, in MS.

XVIII.

"Nay, for sope," quod þe segge, & sesed hys helme,
 2408 & hatȝ hit of hendely, & þe hapel þonkkeȝ,
 "I haf sojourned sadly, sele yow bytyde,
 & he ȝelde hit yow ȝare, þat ȝarkeȝ al menskes!
 & comaundeȝ me to þat cortays, your comlych fere,
 2412 Boþe þat on & þat oþer, myn honoured ladyeȝ,
 þat þus hor knyȝt wyth hor kest han koyntly
 bigyled.
 Bot hit is no ferly, þaȝ a fole madde,
 & þurȝ wyles of wymmen be wonen to sorȝe;
 2416 For so watȝ Adam in erde with one bygyled,
 & Salamon with fele sere, & Samson eft soneȝ,
 Dalyda dalt hym hys wyrde, & Dauyth þer-after
 Waymended with Barsabe, þat much bale poled.
 2420 Now þese were wrathed wyth her wyles, hit were
 a wyne huge,
 To luf hom wel, & leue hem not, a leude þat coupeȝ,
 For þes wer forne þe freest, þat folȝed alle þe sele,
 Ex-ellently of alle þyse oþer, vnder heuen-ryche,
 2424 þat mused;
 & alle þay were bi-wyled,
 With¹ wymmen þat þay vsed,
 þaȝ I be now bigyled,
 2428 Me pink me burde be excused."

XIX.

"Bot your gordel," quod G: "God yow for-zelede! But God reward
 þat wyl I welde wyth good wylle, not for þe you for your
 wyne golde, girdle.
 Ne þe saynt, ne þe sylk, ne þe syde pendaundes,
 2432 For wele, ne for worchyp, ne for þe wlonk werkkeȝ,
 Bot in syngne of my surfet I schal se hit ofte, I will wear it in
 When I ride in renoun, remorde to myseluen remembrance of
 þe faut & þe fayntyse of þe flesche crabbed, my fault.

¹ with wyth, in MS.

And when pride
shall prick me,
a look to this lace
shall abate it.

2436 How tender hit is to entyse teches of fylpe ;
& þus, quen prydeschalme pryk, for prowes of armes,
þe loke to þis luf lace schal lepe my hert.
Bot on I wolde yow pray, displeses yow neuer ;

2440 Syn 3e be lorde of þe 3onde londe, þer I haf lent
inne,

Wyth yow wyth worschyp,—þe wy3e hit yow zelde
þat vp-halde3 þe heuen, & on hy3 sitte3,—

But tell me your
right name and I
shall have done."

The Green Knight
replies, "I am
called Bernlak de
Hautdesert,
through might of
Morgain la Fay,
the pupil of Mer-
lin.

How norne 3e yowre ryzt nome, & þenne no more?"
2444 "þat schal I telle þe trwly," quod þat oper þenne,
"Bernlak de Hautdesert I hat in þis londe,
þur3 myzt of Morgne la Faye, þat in my hous longes,
& koyntyse of clergye, bi craftes wel lerned ;

2448 þe maystres of Merlyn, mony ho hat;¹ taken ;
For ho hat3 dalt drwry ful dere sum tyme,
With þat conable klerk, þat knowes alle your kny3tez
at hame ;

She can tame even
the naughtiest.

2452 Morgne þe goddes,
þerfore hit is hir name ;
Welde3 non so hy3e hawtesse,
þat ho ne con make ful tame.

XX.

It was she who
caused me to test
the renown of the
Round Table,

44
2456 Ho wayned me vpon þis wyse to your wynne halle,
For to assay þe surquidre, 3if hit soth were,
þat rennes of þe grete renoun of þe Rounde Table ;
Ho wayned me þis wonder, your wytte3 to reue,
2460 For to haf greued¹ Gaynour, & gart hir to dy3e,
With g[l]opnyng² of þat ilke gomen, þat gostlych
spekere,

[Fol. 124.]
hoping to grieve
Guenever and
cause her death
through fear.

With his hede in his honde, bifore þe hy3e table.
þat is ho þat is at home, þe auncian lady ;

She is even thine
aunt.

2464 Ho is euen þyn aunt, Arpure3 half suster,
þe duches do3ter of Tyntagelle, þat dere Vter after
Hade Arþur vpon, þat aþel is now þe.
þerfore I epe þe, haþel, to com to þy naunt,

Therefore come
to her and make
merry in my
house."

¹ MS. ho taken.

² MS. gopnyng.

- 2468 Make myry in my hous, my meny þe louies,
 & I wol þe as wel, wyȝe, bi my faythe,
 As any gome vnder God, for þy grete troupe.^{fulle}
 & he nikked hym naye, he nolde bi no wayes ;
- 2472 þay acolen & kyssen, [bikennen] ayþer oper
 To þe prynce of paradise, & parten ryȝt pere,
 on coolde ;
- Gawayn on blonk ful bene,^{soof}
- 2476 To þe kynges burȝ buskes bolde,
 & þe knyȝt in þe enker grene,
 Whider-warde so euer he wolde.

Gawayne refuses
to return with the
Green Knight.

On horse full fair
he bends to Ar-
thur's hall.

XXI.

- Wylde wayes in þe worlde Wowen now rydeȝ,
- 2480 On Gryngolet, þat þe grace hade geten of his
 lyue ;
- Ofte he herbered in house, & ofte al peroute,
 & mony a-venture in vale, & venquyst ofte,
 þat I ne tyȝt, at þis tyme, in tale to remene.
- 2484 þe hurt watȝ hole, þat he hade hent in his nek,
 & þe blykkande belt he bere þerabout, e
 A-belef as a bauderyk, bounden bi his syde,
 Loken vnder his lyfte arme, þe lace, with a knot,
- 2488 In tokenyng he watȝ tane in tech of a faute ;
 & þus he commes to þe court, knyȝt al in sounde.
 þer wakned wele in þat wone, when wȝst þe grete,
 þat gode G : watȝ comen, gayn hit hym þoȝt ;
- 2492 þe kyng kysseȝ þe knyȝt, & þe whene alce,
 & syþen mony syker knyȝt, þat soȝt hym to haylce,
 Of his fare þat hym frayned, & ferlyly he telles ;
 Biknoweȝ alle þe costes of care þat he hade,—
- 2496 þe chaunce of þe chapel, þe chere of þe knyȝt,
 þe luf of þe ladi, þe lace at þe last.
 þe nirt in þe nek he naked hem schewed,
 þat he laȝt for his vnlente at þe leudes hondes,
- 2500 for blame ;

Wild ways now
Gawayne rides.

Oft he harboured
in house and oft
thereout.

The wound in his
neck became
whole.
He still carried
about him the
belt,

in token of his
fault.
Thus he comes to
the Court of King
Arthur.
Great then was
the joy of all.

The king and his
knights ask him
concerning his
journey.
Gawayne tells
them of his ad-
ventures,

[Fol. 124b.]
the love of the
lady, and lastly
of the lace.
He showed them
the cut in his
neck.

He groaned for
grief and shame,
and the blood
rushed into his
face.

2504

He tened quen he schulde telle,
He groned for gref & grame ;
þe blod in his face con melle,
When he hit schulde schewe, for schame.

XXII.

"Lo!" says he,
handling the lace,
"this is the band
of blame,

a token of my
cowardice and
covetousness.

I must needs
wear it as long
as I live."

The king com-
forts the knight,
and all the court
too.

Each knight of
the brotherhood
agrees to wear a
bright green belt,
for Gawayne's
sake,

who ever more
honoured it.

Thus in Arthur's
day this adven-
ture befell.

He that bore the
crown of thorns
bring us to His
blessed!

- "Lo! lorde," quod þe leude, & þe lace hondeled,
"þis is þe bende of þis blame I bere [in] my nek,
þis is þe lape & þe losse, þat I laȝt haue,
2508 Of couardise & couetyse, þat I haf caȝt pare,
þis is þe token of vn-trawpe, þat I am tan inne,
& I mot nedeȝ hit were, wyle I may last ; [hit,
For non may hyden his harme, bot vnhapne may
2512 For þe hit oneȝ is tachched, twynne wil hit neuer."
þe kyng comforteȝ þe knyȝt, & alle þe court als,
Lazen loude þer-at, & luflyly acorden,
þat lordes & ladis, þat longed to þe Table, [haue,
2516 Vche burne of þe broþer-hede a bauderyk schulde
A bende, a-belef hym aboute, of a bryȝt grene,
& þat, for sake of þat segge, in swete to were.]
For þat watȝ acorded þe renoun of þe Rounde Table,
2520 & he honoured þat hit hade, euer-more after,
As hit is breued in þe best boke of romaunce.
þus in Arthurus day þis aunter bitidde,
þe Brutus bokees þer-of beres wyttensesse ;
2524 Syþen Brutus, þe bolde burne, boȝed hider fyrst,
After þe segge & þe asaute watȝ sased at Troye,
I-wysse ;
Mony auntereȝ here bi-forne,
2528 Haf fallen suche er þis :
Now þat bere þe croun of þorne,
He bryng vs to his blysse ! AMEN.

HONY SOYT QUI MAL PENCE.

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